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Looking Forward

IT IS increasingly becoming a matter for agreement among responsible financial and business leaders in this country that efforts toward securing the peace of the world have in the past been too much associated in the public mind with the dreams of idealists, poets and religious leaders—and not enough with the practical problems of modern business and finance.

YET, THE FACT of the matter is, that just as a wider and wider dispersion of corporate securities is achieving an increasingly democratic control of capital and industry—with a proportionately equitable division of the profits—so international business and finance are laying the ground work for a structure of world-wide peace, not conflict.

THIS IS an opinion, of course, which as yet is violently disputed by great numbers of Americans in various walks of life; and many facts, sometimes relevant, sometimes not, are adduced to disprove it. For this reason, we commend to your consideration Dr. Shotwell's article in this issue on "Does Business Mean Peace?"

CAUSES FOR WAR there are in plenty, of course—deep-seated racial antagonisms, political injustices, personal rivalries and feuds, prejudices, religious and otherwise. Their very variety unquestionably makes more difficult the future task of keeping the international peace, than has been the job of the nations in keeping peace within their own borders. Yet, if intelligence and common justice prevail, international finance and trade need not be looked upon as two more villains in the world drama. Instead, they can be made into two great allies of peace and security that will go far toward overcoming our difficulties.

A BANKER, we suppose, would put it in a nutshell: "You aren't so apt to smash another fellow, if you've got money in his business."

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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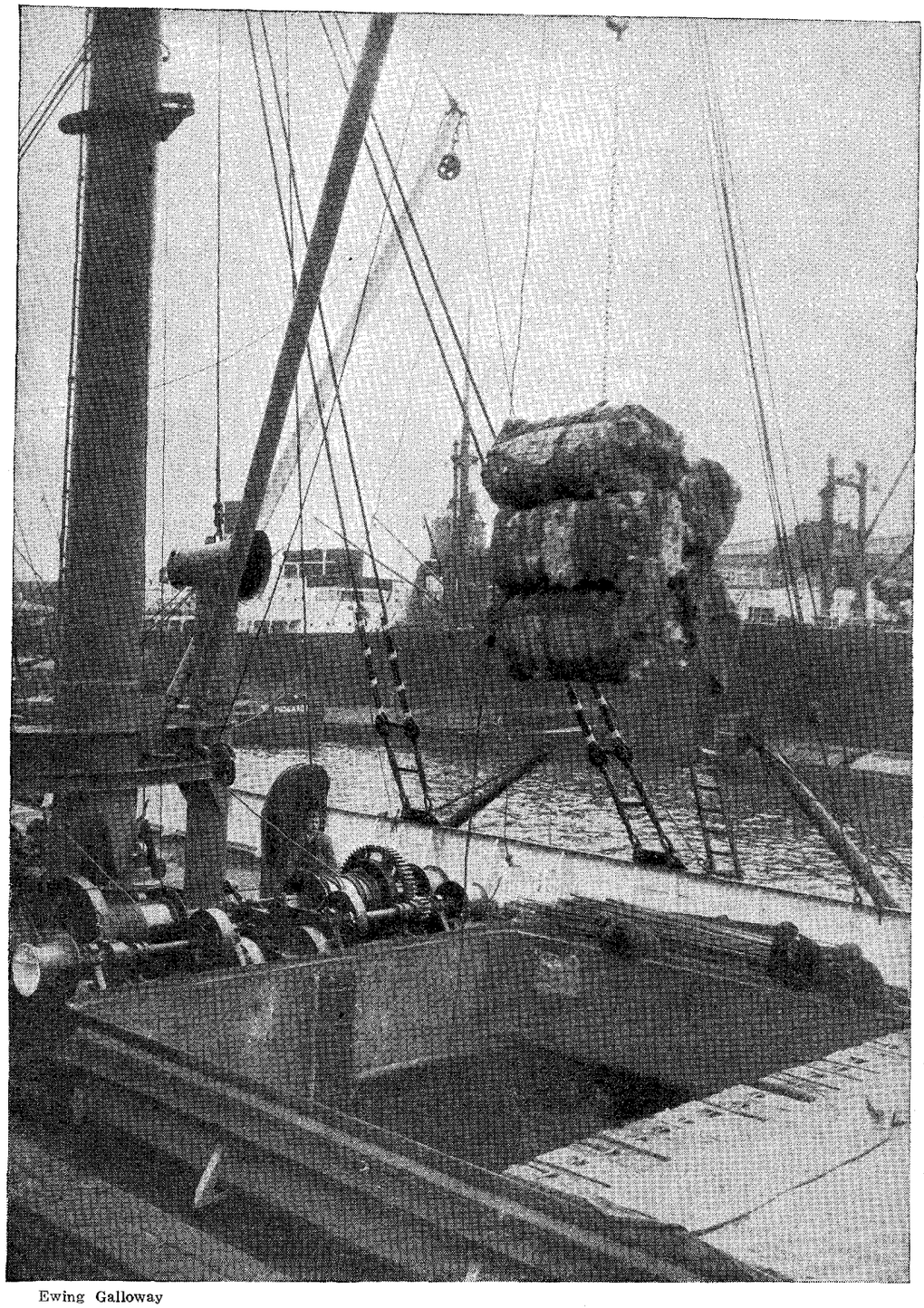

Ewing Galloway

THE WORLD OF CREDIT IS A WORLD OF PEACE

A ship from New Orleans unloads her cargo of cotton at Bremen, Germany

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Outlook
and Independent
March 13, 1929

Does Business Mean Peace?

By JAMES T. SHOTWELL

Sensible butchers and bakers want their customers to live long and prosper. Just so, the author believes, the mighty output of mass production will dictate the necessity for a tranquil world. Dr. Shotwell is the well-known advocate of international peace

"THE WORLD of credit is a world of peace." This sentence which occurred in a chapter that I had written some time ago has brought me comments from various angles, thoughtful and otherwise, but generally indicating sincere surprise that the peace movement of today could be truly linked in with the most real interests of the business world. It was a generalization which required no very deep thought or wide acquaintance with the character of modern business, and yet strangely enough it seemed new and challenging.

That this should have been so is in itself a fact which calls for explanation. It indicates that most people have apparently not yet taken the peace movement of today seriously. It is still regarded as lying in a realm apart from the common interests of daily life, an ethical and religious ideal, but not an expression of the interests of the business world. Now it seems to me that in this lies the chief misunderstanding of the greatest single reform which our age has undertaken. For I am prepared to maintain that the peace movement which engages the attention of the governments of the civilized world today, is a natural product of the industrial era, a product of the machine as definitely as the goods which it manufactures or the wealth which it creates. And this is deeply significant. For it ties in the movement for international peace directly with the every-day concerns.

Before proceeding with the evidence for this statement, let me say in passing that if this interpretation of history proves correct, it does not deny the moral element in the peace movement, it merely gives it another and a richer setting by transferring the problem from the sphere of individual private morals to that of society at large. It is not a materialistic interpretation of history which recognizes that the inventions of science make possible more civilized conditions of living by making the whole world one vast neighborhood. The process of invention is really the extension of intelligence into the sphere of daily work. It therefore has as definite a moral significance as either intelligence or work, which are the two chief factors in a question of morals. It is a wholly false conception of morals which leaves it in the realm of the ideal and divorces it from practical affairs. Morals have to do with actual conduct, not with the sentimental appreciation of that conduct, and a society which realizes a more just equilibrium through the necessities of its day's work, is improving its moral standpoints even if it may not think of them at the time.

WE HAVE NOT begun to realize the importance of scientific discovery and the invention of machinery. It is incomparably the greatest change in human history, so great that we have not appropriated it to our ways of thinking in spite of the fact that it already largely influences the whole background of thought. Science has been too close to it, philosophy too far away, history too conservatively minded.

We shall never get the right perspective of it so long as we measure history by the scale of that little section of the human past which counts its years in terms of Christian chronology. The inventions of modern science should be set within an altogether different and much more graphic schedule of human development, not a mere paltry eighteen centuries or so from the birth of Christ, but in a stretch of almost countless millenia which reach through the whole evolution of humanity. No one knows just how long this process has lasted, for the early record is now only being pieced together from the remains in rock shelters and in the glacial drifts beyond. But our picture of the stretch of time can be imaginatively quickened by such figures as that which Professor Robinson has so graphically detailed when he compares the whole day of human existence to the twelve hours of a single day. Each hour would represent at least twenty thousand years, and the day is almost over before civilization begins. It is not until about twenty minutes before twelve, on this clock of the ages, that Egyptian and Babylonian civilizations begin to appear. After more than eleven hours of savagery, Greek literature is but seven minutes old and the science of today comes in the last few tickings of the clock. Yet in these few seconds in which intelligence has been delivered from the bondage of habitual ways of thinking, mankind has remade half the world in terms of a new civilization. Not only this, but the process by which this change is being wrought is one which has no parallel in the processes of the past, for it is the application of intelligence instead of brute

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strength to do the work of the world: and work in some form or other is the fundamental basis of our civilization.

Looking at mankind today, we are inclined to think that its advance over the other animals was from the first a differentiation in the elements which make for civilization, that morals and social virtues were implicit from the beginning and were merely slow in finding expression. But that is not the way man really made a place for himself in the long millenia of savagery. He succeeded simply by being a better animal than any other. He was the supreme huntsman and the greatest killer in a world that slaughtered itself to death. Cunning and versatility enabled him to meet all the varied dangers of the primeval world and to survive where mere strength would not suffice. But with conquest over the lower orders came a growing danger from his fellows, and war was to share the honors of the chase as the chief occupation of the savage world. Fortunately for civilization, man's versatility extended to his appetite; he was not wholly carnivorous and enjoyed as well as the fruits of the chase the berries and roots which his womenfolk or slaves procured. It was this rudimentary agriculture which marked the transition to the second stage of development —that of the settled community in which recurring seasons brought recurring food supply.

Now at first glance it looks as though this second stage of social development—that of settled life—is wholly different from the first, because, resting chiefly upon agriculture, it has at least a pacific exterior. The chief interest of the ordinary man would seem to be merely the routine of sowing and harvesting in the neighborly contentment. But the long savage past was not thrown off so quickly. Community continued to prey upon community in much the same way whether it lived in Greek city states or in primeval rock shelters. Predatory raids brought in the slaves to serve in the household of a Pericles and the tribute of conquered provinces maintained the food supply of Virgil's Rome. In short, the economics of the ancient world was never able to shake itself loose from the hunting, fighting and stealing propensities of the primitive man, a fact which was to be the chief cause of the downfall of the ancient world. Antique civilization rested essentially upon the exploitation of the oppressed and the oppression found its chief instrument in the organization of war, which in turn grew out of the savage predatory raid.

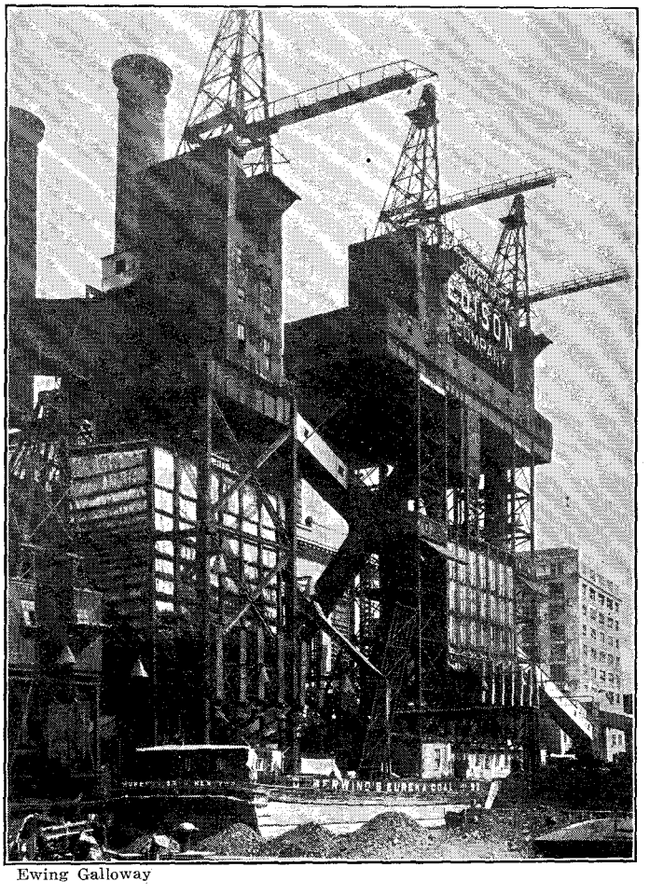
The Middle Ages continued this blind way of economic thinking. Serfs took the place of slaves but conquest was a legitimate enterprise for the enlargement of wealth, and the trade of arms the one most lucrative profession. Moreover, there seemed to be no escape from the iron law of force, for protection by arms made a potential oppressor supreme at home whether as feudal lord or feudal king.

Now, it was the introduction of money more than any other single thing which broke this vicious circle of violence and oppression. It took some five or six centuries, from the Thirteenth to the Nineteenth, before kingship was forced to yield utterly and abjectly to national finance. The slogan of the American Revolution, "no taxation without representation,"—which means no taxation except at the will of the taxed themselves,—was therefore the symbol of the closing chapter of an internal revolution which within the state deprived the war lord of the last vestiges of applied force. From the angle of this study, it was the first chapter in the renunciation of war as an instrument of policy.

The internal growth of modern nations was a process of pacification. It was a process which was strangely uniform. It is so much alike in the history of different countries as to indicate that it is the working out of certain historic laws. Nations do not achieve their political freedom — symbolized by the control of their money power—until they are economically mature. It is true that sometimes they put on the externals of modernity without full economic development, copying their neighbors or parent state; but in such cases the improvised machinery of government soon reveals its inadequacy.

The first phase of the peace movement, that within the state itself, obviously was the expression in terms of politics of economic changes which mark the shift from purely landed society to that of capitalism. One does not need to be a Marxian socialist to subscribe to the almost self-evident fact which he so strongly emphasizes, namely, that the national state of today is the political embodiment of a capitalistic society. What concerns us here is not the further economic implications of that generalization but the fact that capitalism within the state means peace.

Now the supreme question of our time is whether this same process which has brought peace within the nation is destined, in the coming era, to bring peace between nations. Judged by the past, this seems at first glance to be the most unlikely of conclusions. The internal growth of nations in terms of peace and tranquillity did not bring a lessening but rather an accentuation of international struggle. As each nation acquired increasing coherence in its internal structure, it became more and



Ewing Galloway

INDUSTRY IN THE APPLICATION

We have not begun to realize the importance of scientific discovery and the invention of machinery

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more self-conscious and, with the increasing consciousness of nationality, came an increase in the assertion of its claims against others. Not only were national wars constantly recurring through the whole of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries but even international peace was also conceived of in terms of conflict. Economic thinking remained predatory; the foreigner was to be despoiled by monopolies or the manipulation of a balance of trade in either the foreign or the home market. The dominant conception of trade was still the primitive idea of taking advantage of the outsider and protecting the home market from similar designs on his part.

It is a strange repetition of history that the new states which emerged after the World War have repeated almost in minute detail the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Century history of the older nations. Therefore, at first glance, it would seem as though the capitalistic state fostered international war even when guaranteeing peace at home.

But the first phase of capitalism was a very different thing from the phase of capitalism which is revealing itself today. Then it was drawn mostly from commerce, seconded by the hand industry of the guilds. In the period that reached from Spanish explorations to that of the British in India the gold and silver of America and the Oriental trade provided its chief increase. The total amount of capital was limited. Although it was sufficient to modify the society of nations at home, it was not to be compared with the vast floating capital of the industrial era which succeeded it.

The capitalistic movement of today grew out of this past capitalism and looks so much like it that at first sight it seems to be but a mere continuation of the same process, only grown vaster in extent. It increases the output of the mines so that the mines of Africa or Canada supplant the galleons of Spain and the output of Asia is enormously increased over anything that the merchants of the Eighteenth Century could dream of. But this external continuity disguises a fundamentally different situation. For the increase of wealth today rests, in the last analysis, upon the exploitation of nature by nature, rather than the exploitation of man by man. The machine does not help a man to do his work. It takes the work from him and does it itself, drawing its motive force from waterfalls transformed into electricity and sunlight of prehistoric forests translated into heat once more. The machine that is the embodiment of this substitute for human labor naturally is at first in competition with the hands which it displaces, and this competition is keenest when the machines are operating in one country and the hands displaced are those of other nations. When this is the case, the new industrial capitalism, in disturbing the poise and equilibrium of the old hand-working world, makes for conflict, or at least opens the door to conflicting interests between peoples differently situated with reference to the machine.

This era of conflict has had two phases; that of private competition in the realm of business itself which asks all governments that they keep hands off from what was called the healthy growth of competitive enterprises—the period of *laissez-faire*. Succeeding this and still largely dominant in the world is the period of national business policies for protection at home and expansion abroad, an expression of nationalist economics which is the imperialism of the modern world. So strong have been these conflicts of interest and so outstanding the barriers which they create in the path to international good will that it seems at first as though the sum total of the processes of industrialization were an increase of conflict rather than a lessening of it. If this is true, it is a denial of the statement with which this article began, that the world of credit is a world of peace, for the world of credit is, at the same time, this industrial world. Finance and industry are but different expressions of a single process.

It must be admitted that this negative conclusion is the one most widely held; it is equally shared by the idealist who protests against it and the "hard-boiled" business man whose slogan, "business is business," means in his eyes that it has no moral content whatever. In both cases, however, the trees have been mistaken for the forest, the little stretch of industrial history is too small for the full perspectives of the present to show where the prospect ultimately leads. Nevertheless, in thinking of industry this way in terms of conflict, we have forgotten the nature of the machine which is not limited to any community setting and which once begun sets other machines going. The process of invention is a process of continual increase throughout the world and in this continued increase it is not lessening the market of consumption by an exhaustion of either products for the market or capacity of the consumers to buy. It is an enriching process which extends to the consumer as well as to the producer, for in its unlimited extension through the whole sphere of daily work, it continually increases the capacity to buy. The problem of credit will therefore coincide with the problem

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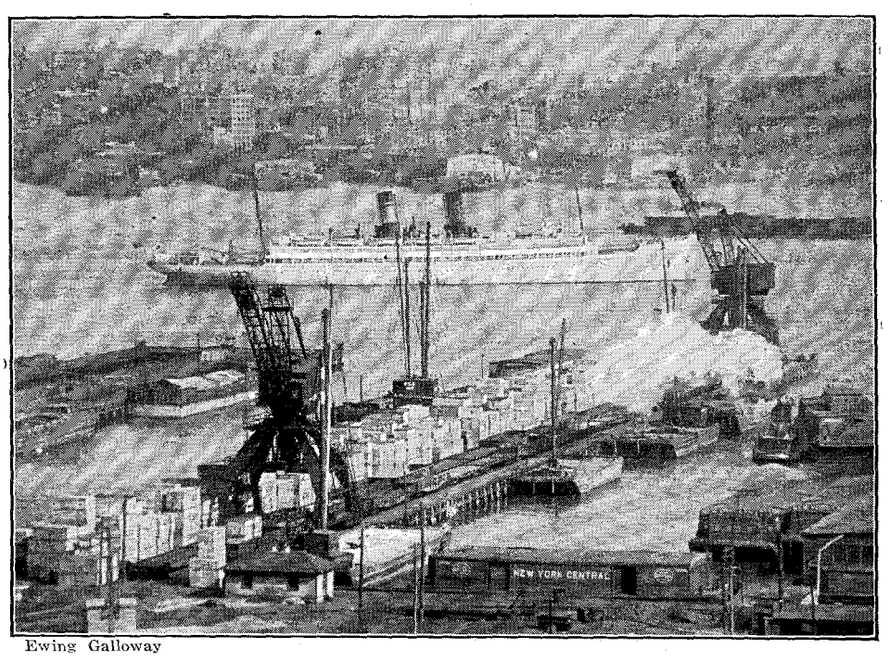

Ewing Galloway

The increasing contacts of business make frontiers less real than in the past

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Disgruntled Minorities

By T. R. YBARRA

BERLIN.

PERUSAL of European news from day to day almost leads one to the mathematically absurd conclusion that the population of Europe is made up principally of disgruntled minorities. It is difficult to pick up a newspaper without finding a protest from some minority or other alleging high-handed acts on the part of some governing majority alien in race to those making the protest. Or, if not that, we find a rejoinder from those wielding power in some European land either virtuously denying accusations of an "oppressed" minority or haughtily admonishing it to forget outworn racial traditions and "climb on the bandwagon."

It seems that 1929 is destined to be the "year of minorities." The announcement a few weeks ago that the minority question would figure on the agenda of the League of Nations meeting at Geneva this month caused a ferment. Hopes began to run high that the demands of minorities for racial, religious, educational and other privileges, within the borders of the nations to which they were assigned as a result of the war, would be granted and a new era dawn for them. Similarly, the announcement caused belligerent preparations for oratorical combat on the part of those who represent the ruling majorities alleged to be oppressing other racial groups. And cynical observers, cynically viewing the proceedings, cannot but feel that, no matter what may be done (on paper) by the League, the old dispute between majority and minority will continue until there is a reshuffling of Europe's nationalistic cards.

With a few bright exceptions, it seems to be beyond the power of any European Continental racial unit to live harmoniously within the same national frontiers with any other unit. The most honorable exception is Switzerland. There people of German, French and Italian blood get along amicably with each other, without substituting for the rules governing parliamentary procedure the rough-and-tumble tactics of a cat-fight. Elsewhere, however, the methods employed by feline soloists on moonlit back-fences are much more in favor; it is almost axiomatic on the European Continent that whichever racial group gets the upper hand in a country must needs try to stamp out the racial characteristics of all other groups. And, even if it does not really do this, it is practically sure to be accused of such high-handed action by excited spokesmen of those other groups.

For nearly half a century the Alsace-Lorrainers told the world how they were oppressed by Germany; now they are busy informing the same world how basely they are being treated by the French for whom they yearned during the weary years of their enslavement to the Hohenzollerns. Speeches actually seditious in tone, arrests of "autonomists," suppression of newspapers championing the cause of local rights, have been rife in Alsace-Lorraine of late—the inhabitants of those fair regions have joined the ranks of disgruntled minorities with a vengeance. Against their angry protests Poincaré and other average Frenchmen level the old argument of ruling majorities—adapted to the particular milieu of France and its recalcitrant provinces.

"You are Frenchmen," they say, "not Alsace-Lorrainers. There is no such place as Alsace-Lorraine. There is only France. Now be good children and get on with your work!"

Which—*mutatis mutandis*—is exactly what the Germans used to tell the Alsace-Lorrainers!

ELSEWHERE in Europe the problem of disgruntled minorities is even more acute. In the beautiful valleys of Southern Tyrol many of the inhabitants act as if they have been robbed of all joy in life by being annexed to Italy. No longer are they allowed even to refer to their home as "Southern Tyrol;" it is merely the department of the "Upper Adige." Mussolini has informed them in his usual forcible language that they are quite as much Italian as the Romans or the Sicilians, despite the Germanic thoughts surging to their minds and the Germanic gutturals tumbling from their lips.

In Czechoslovakia periodic growls are heard from Teutonic minorities hot under the collar because Karlsbad is now Karlovy Vary, and from Slovak minorities who cannot see why they must say Bratislava when alluding to a town which they know as Podzony. (The Germans of Czechoslovakia, by the way, call the town Pressburg and roar with anguish every time they hear it called Podzony or Bratislava.) These Czechoslovak minorities have other and deeper grievances, but at least they have the advantage of dealing with the excellent Professor Masaryk, and with a Cabinet Minister, the astute Dr. Benes, who are enlightened statesmen with a sympathy for minorities.

IN THE greater Rumania which blossomed after the War, there are disgruntled Hungarians and people of Teutonic extraction and Bessarabians who sigh (or say they do) to get under Russian rule and other grumblers who make up for the smallness of their numbers by the loudness of their wails. In Poland, Germans brought under Polish domination by Germany's World War defeat are clamorous and irreconcilable; and the Free City of Danzig constantly insists that Poland is encroaching upon its freedom.

In Jugoslavia, the Serb majority is at daggers drawn with Croats and Montenegrins. In fact, the Jugoslavic variant of the minority problem has produced a first-class political crisis and bids fair to make an enormous amount of additional trouble Some months ago it was the occasion for the murder of a prominent Croatian leader during a session of the national Parliament. It also made the King of Jugoslavia declare himself a dictator, with all the flourish of a Mussolini or a de Rivera.

These are only a few of the more strident voices in Europe's cacophonic chorus of protest. There are many more discontented racial groups—the Catalans in Spain; the Germans who got annexed to Denmark after the War; the Danes who didn't; growling Ruthenians; scowling Macedonians; howling Turks. All look to the League of Nations to redress their grievances; all insist they cannot get their rights from the ruling majorities in their respective countries.

It is most certainly a man's size, four-square problem—and it is about as inviting to the touch as a hedgehog. If the League of Nations ever succeeds in bringing it nearer to a genuine solution it ought to be decorated with the Congressional Medal, the Victoria Cross, the Croix de Guerre and every known form of laurel wreath.

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Henry L. Stimson: A Portrait

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

Looking over the public and private life of the next Secretary of State, Mr. Pringle finds no justification for the charge that Mr. Stimson is an imperialist; in his mission to Nicaragua and later as Governor General of the Philippines, he appears, rather, as a paternalist. Incidentally, it appears that President Hoover has chosen a man with a like disposition to work from facts

IN 1910 Henry Lewis Stimson, who is to be Secretary of State for Mr. Herbert Hoover, was Theodore Roosevelt's candidate for Governor of New York. This fact, by now a forgotten incident of a long and often distinguished career, explains several things about Mr. Stimson. For in 1909, it will be recalled, the Colonel of all the Rough Riders had retired to the Rooseveltian conception of private life. He had gone to Africa to shoot a few lions and had returned to be welcomed down the harbor in New York City. Then he prepared to give his attention to State and National politics and soon the wooded slopes of Sagamore Hill reverberated with his verbal musketry.

Colonel Roosevelt did not, for the moment, concern himself publicly with a growing tendency of President Taft to appoint others than "Men of My Type" to public office. This was to come later. The relations between Taft and Roosevelt were outwardly as cordial as ever. During the summer of 1910 the subject which held his attention was the gubernatorial campaign in New York. It was clear that the old-line bosses were seizing control of the organization and that the infant progressive principles for which Roosevelt stood needed protection. A victory for the bosses (the non-Roosevelt bosses) at the State Convention would mean that the Colonel's voice in National affairs would become very weak indeed. It might, he knew, be impossible for him again to dictate the choice of a President. So he lost no time in bringing about the nomination for Governor of New York of a "Man of My Type." He chose Henry L. Stimson, who had been United States Attorney for New York from 1906 to 1909.

Months prior to the formal launching of his boom, Stimson had been receptive to the idea, and his backers had taken occasion to point to his progressive record, his prosecution of the Sugar Trust, and his advocacy of the short ballot and other constitutional reforms. He was, in consequence, distressed and unbelieving when some of his more experienced friends told him that it would be political suicide to accept this nomination. Roosevelt, these sophisticated friends said, was under a temporary cloud. Rightly or wrongly, he was being held responsible for the panic of 1907. He had irritated many people by his presumption in selecting a successor for the White House. More important still, he had alienated influential politicians in New York State. Should Roosevelt force through a personal nomination at the State Convention in Saratoga, they warned, there would certainly be knifing at the polls.

"Don't let T. R. hand you this lemon," they begged. "The organization vote will break away. No man on earth can be elected, at this time, Governor under the Roosevelt banner."

KNOWING almost nothing about practical politics, Stimson refused to believe it. A few weeks later the delegates to the convention bowed to the will of Roosevelt, whose apparent harmony with Taft gave him the support of Federal office holders, and Stimson was nominated. He became, almost overnight, "Our Harry," "Roosevelt's puppet" and "Teddy's boy" in the opposition newspapers. A vote for Stimson, it was argued, was a vote to bring back Roosevelt in 1912. It might even mean his crowning as perpetual King of the United States. Nothing that Mr. Taft could say, and he loyally supported Stimson and Roosevelt, had much effect; it was even then becoming obvious that Mr. Taft was somewhat innocent of political sagacity. And to make matters worse Stimson proceeded to make one of the most lamentable campaigns in the history of the State. His Democratic opponent, John A. Dix, had to carry the burden of Tammany Hall support, and this in a day before that historic organization had been bathed in the reflected glory of Alfred E. Smith. The leaders were Charles F. Murphy and such other worthies as "Tim" Sullivan who, at the hands of a halfway skilled Republican candidate, would certainly have come in for caustic attack. But Stimson was determined to keep the campaign on a high plane.

"Just to make it *look* like a fight," said the friends whose earlier advice he had rejected, "take a crack at those fellows. Refer to them by their first names and do it with a sneer. This isn't a case being argued in court. And for Heaven's sake make a gesture or two when you speak. Take your hands out of your pockets!"

This time Stimson listened with respect. He knew that he was too dignified, too reserved. So he promised that he would do his best at a forthcoming important Republican rally. Word had gone around that the candidate was this time going to charge into the Tammany cohorts with the vigor of a Roosevelt and the hall was packed. Heredity and breeding proved too strong, however, and again the Republican nominee found it utterly impossible to whang his fist on the table, to make any gestures at all. Again, his hands remained tight in his pockets. And finally he came to his denunciation of Murphy and Sullivan.

"I cannot resist," he said, in effect, "taking issue with some of the policies of Mr. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall, and Mr. Sullivan, his assistant—"

The leaders groaned as they heard this formal arraignment and predicted that nothing could save Stimson on election day. Nothing did, and he was defeated by about 65,000 votes.

IT IS RESERVE, and a disinclination toward trivial conversation which have given Stimson the reputation of being a frigid individual. It is not wholly deserved; with men he knows well he is affable enough, as is usually the case with his type. And he can become definitely stirred, on rare occasions, by matters which he believes evil, unwise or uneconomic. He is not easily aroused by such abstract principles as liberty and independence. He translates these into a personal conception of patriotism; which means taking care of your country when danger looms, fighting for it, defending it against dissolution. Stimson is a vehement 100 per cent American in time of danger, but his sense of balance permits him to grow calm again as soon as the danger has passed. Thus he does not rant for

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universal military service, for deportation of aliens, for suppression of motion-picture houses daring to exhibit Russian films. In brief, Stimson does not lose his head and as Secretary of State, it is highly probable, he will permit such horrifying radicals as the Karolyis to come and go as they please.

A striking thing about Stimson's career, due in large measure to his distaste for politics, is the degree to which he has stepped on and off the stage of public life. Twenty years ago, as United States Attorney, he was known throughout the country. A year later, following his defeat for the Governorship, his name was appearing in print very rarely, usually in connection with some civic movement or in an important court action. But in May, 1911, President Taft had a sudden political inspiration and appointed Stimson, supposed to enjoy the support of all Roosevelt followers, to succeed Henry L. Dickinson as Secretary of War.

STIMSON was, of course, being used again. In 1910 Roosevelt had sought to elect him Governor and thereby increase his own prestige. Now Mr. Taft was hoping that Stimson, as a member of his official family, would refrain from joining any Roosevelt insurgency in 1912. The plan worked. Stimson campaigned for the regular Republican ticket but his personal reputation suffered. No one knew whether he was a deserter from the Progressive cause or whether, in 1910, he ran for Governor on a progressive ticket without really believing in it. With the wreck of the Republican Party and the election of Woodrow Wilson in 1912, Stimson's renown went into a long eclipse. He had effectively alienated both wings of his party. Mentioned from time to time for Mayor of New York and other offices, always an important and respected citizen of his home city, Stimson was still far more a private than a public citizen during the decade and a half which followed. During the last two or three years, however, he has consistently been in the public eye. His services in Nicaragua and his work as successor to General Leonard Wood in the Philippines are directly responsible for the latest and most glamorous distinction which has come to him.

With this work behind him, Stimson became eligible for the appointment and his name was added to the possible Secretaries of State already on Mr. Hoover's desk. The President-elect first offered the post to Senator Borah of Idaho, who declined it because he had his fill of saying "Yes" during the campaign, and to Dwight W. Morrow, who preferred to finish the work he had so auspiciously started as Ambassador to Mexico. It is whispered in Washington that still a third eminent citizen was approached in vain and that Mr. Hoover's stubby finger then reached the name of Henry Stimson. Opposite it appeared enthusiastic endorsements from Elihu Root and Charles Evans Hughes, the revered Elder Statesmen of the G. O. P. It occurred to Mr. Hoover, perhaps, that this eligible was familiar with Latin America, the hope of every export and foreign sales manager in the United States. And at about this point Stimson sailed from Manila without revealing to the anxious correspondents that he had been chosen.

Announcement a fortnight ago that Stimson would become the leading member of the Hoover Cabinet led to comment that there was another of "Roosevelt's boys who has made good." In support of this, historians at the Capitol recalled what is probably the only anecdote in existence regarding Stimson's career.

A year or so after Roosevelt became President of the United States, according to this legend, Stimson chanced to be in Washington on legal business. He was at the time a member of Winthrop & Stimson, a New York law firm formed after Elihu Root had gone to Washington as Secretary of War for Roosevelt. Stimson was then, as today, devoted to horseback riding and had joined Squadron A, a crack National Guard cavalry outfit in New York, because of this avocation. At the time of this visit he ranked as a sergeant.

ONE afternoon in February or March, the date has been lost during the years, Stimson found that he had no business to hold him and hired a livery hack for a ride in Rock Creek Park. It was a cold, rainy day and the normally placid creek was a raging, turbulent flood. Stimson jogged along with his mind on his legal affairs until he heard himself addressed from the other side of the creek. There he saw, also mounted, President Roosevelt and Mr. Root.

"Come on over," called Root while Stimson, grinning a little uneasily, looked down at the swollen stream and hesitated. Then Root straightened in his saddle.

"Sergeant Stimson," he shouted, "the President of the United States through the Secretary of War orders you to report immediately."

In true military—or was it motion picture?—fashion, Stimson spurred his horse into the stream, struggled with the current for a moment and finally made the other side. He reined up in front of the President, who gazed at him with delight.

"I didn't think you would be so foolish," he exploded. "But I'm delighted. Now go home at once, take a drink and change your clothes."

Stimson, unlike Roosevelt, is not given to magnificent gestures and no story could be less typical of his character. And yet the incident cannot be dismissed as untrue; too many people in a position to know vouch for its accuracy.

Certainly the version, whatever it may be worth as to fact, is one which illuminates the true relationship between Root and Stimson. The new Secretary of State is not, as has been so frequently stated, a "Roosevelt man;" he is a Root man. To Root he owes his first job, his partnership, his first public office and finally, in no small measure, the appointment as Secretary of State.

THE STORY of Root and Stimson starts in the nineties. Born of excellent stock in New York City on September 21, 1867, the youthful Harry Stimson had attended private school and Yale where he made both Phi Beta Kappa and that most eminent of senior societies, Skull and Bones. This was in 1888. The next year he went to Harvard for his law training and achieved election to the board of the "Law Review." Today a member of the Law Review Board, or its equivalent, at any of the bigger law schools is fairly certain to find a good job waiting for him after admission to the bar. But brains were less highly valued in the nineties and the fact that Stimson was given a clerkship by Root & Clarke was more attributable to his social position. Lewis Atterbury Stimson, his father, was a distinguished New York surgeon and lived next door to John C. Carter, an outstanding leader of the American bar. The Stimsons, the Carters, the Roots (like the Roosevelts) belonged to a group in New York which was highly respectable and substantial rather than fashionable. They did not have homes at Newport. They were not concerned with the activities of that numerical contradiction, the "Four Hundred." They

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were in trade or in the professions and they all did very well financially.

Dr. Stimson may have spoken to Mr. Carter about his son. Probably it was not necessary. Any of the big firms would have considered it excellent business to take in a young man whose father numbered the best people in town among his patients. Besides, this youth appeared to be very earnest, serious and hard-working.

He had not been with Root & Clarke for very long before Stimson realized that there was just one serious mistake that could be made—to confer with Elihu Root without adequate and detailed preparation on the subject at hand. Stimson formed, in his law clerk days, a habit which was to persist through life. He worried over every detail that concerned each case, to the complete distraction of many of his associates who felt that he might well leave a point or two for a subordinate to go into. This was Root's way of preparing a case and Stimson was soon in high favor. In 1897 the firm of Root, Howard, Winthrop and Stimson was formed and in 1901 this became Winthrop & Stimson, for the senior partner had gone to Washington to become Secretary of War. Remaining in New York, Stimson extended his legal knowledge, made some money, married and settled down to the life of a prominent New York attorney with an estate out on Long Island where he could play at the game of being a country squire surrounded by his dogs and his horses. But Roosevelt and Root had not forgotten him and in January of 1906, then thirty-nine years old, he was appointed United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

With one exception, Stimson's record as United States Attorney was impressive. Under orders from Roosevelt he brought actions against the so-called Sugar Trust and forced it to refund $3,000,000 stolen through using short weights in paying duty. He sent Charles W. Morse to Atlanta, made James Gordon Bennet admit that the notorious "personals" in his paper were indecent and then pay $30,000 in extenuation. He brought actions against the Great Northern, the Rock Island and other roads on charges of rebating and obtained convictions or admissions of guilt in these cases. He was constantly summoned to Washington by President Roosevelt and Attorney-General Bonaparte in connection with Roosevelt's trust-busting program. By 1909 he was known as a member of the "Tennis Cabinet," and Roosevelt must have repeatedly assured him that his political future was very bright.

The blot on Stimson's record as United States Attorney concerns the absurd efforts of Theodore Roosevelt to prosecute the New York "World" for criminal libel under an ancient statute passed to "protect harbor defenses and fortifications" of the United States "from malicious injury." This was the famous Panama Canal Libel Case which the "World" fought to complete vindication in the United States Supreme Court. I cannot here detail the many aspects of the case; Roosevelt had been highly incensed by editorials in the "World" in which it was flatly declared that he had not told the whole truth about payments made to the old French canal company. The President sent a bristling message to Congress in which he branded this a libel "upon the United States Government" and announced that it would be prosecuted by government authorities. In due course indictments were found, both in Washington and in New York, against the "World" and the Indianapolis "News," which had similarly offended Roosevelt. The New York indictments, which Stimson proceeded to prosecute, were based on the fact that twenty-nine copies of the "World" had been circulated at West Point. No civil actions had been brought by any of the individuals named by the "World."

HENRY L. STIMSON

It was an utterly fantastic exercise of censorship by the Government. Stimson evolved the novel theory that the offending newspaper could be prosecuted in "a number of distinct and independent jurisdictions" and the "World" pointed out editorially that there were some 2,000 fortifications and harbor defenses. None but the wealthiest newspaper could conceivably defend prosecutions in a dozen or more jurisdictions at one time. It must have been a temporary loss of judgment—perhaps it was the mystic hypnotism of Roosevelt—which caused Stimson to continue with this case. Out in Indianapolis, by this time, United States Attorney Kealing had resigned his office with an announcement that he believed the principle "dangerous, striking at the very foundation of our form of government." He could not, therefore, "honestly and conscientiously insist to the court that such is the law or that such construction could be put upon it." The whole mess injured Stimson's standing, for both the District Court and the Supreme Court held that the indictments were improper. During the gubernatorial campaign of 1910, with Stimson running as the Roosevelt candidate, his political opponents recalled dispatches from Washington during the libel suit in which it was stated that success on the part of the prosecuting officers would earn the "gratitude" of the President.

After all, one mistake can be forgiven during a life time at the bar, for Stimson's record is otherwise excellent. He may have lacked political skill but his standing as an attorney is certainly equal to that of any man in the country. He is, as one former associate told me, a "living refutation of the notion that an attorney must be sharp, even crooked." Another pointed out that he is "the nearest thing to a New England conscience on legs I have ever known." Both his personal friends and his legal associates dwell upon the fairness with

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"He's Got Ants!"

By LUCY HARVIE POPE

In South Africa a single explanation serves to cover all departures from the normal. The person, thing or condition simply has "ants." Nor is this difficult to understand, believes the author, who went out to Rhodesia early last winter. For the ant and his works are prominent aspects of South African life. This is the fifth of Miss Pope's letters

I WAS watching a game of tennis one day shortly after my arrival in Africa. One of the players was not performing as brilliantly as was his wont. He was, in fact, from the point of view of tennis hardly performing at all.

"What on earth is the matter with Bill?" asked one of the spectators of another.

"He's got ants," was the laconic, and what struck me as the somewhat cryptic reply. It seemed to satisfy, however, for no more questions were asked, and no further surprise expressed when Bill, ordinarily far the better player of the two, went down to inglorious defeat.

On another occasion a young man who had quite obviously been devoting some time to a little serious drinking turned up later at a dance.

"Dear, dear," remarked some one disapprovingly. "Look at George. What a condition he is in! Isn't it disgraceful?"

"Yes, poor old George; he has ants tonight." That seemed to settle for all time the unfortunate case of George.

A friend of mine took a new kodak on a picnic, and used up a whole roll of films on the scenery, human and otherwise. When the pictures came back from being developed, none of them had turned out well. There was a general blurred effect, like the apparitions encountered during a spiritualistic seance, or something peering out of a heavy fog.

"That seems strange," I remarked, "with a brand new kodak, I wonder what the trouble could have been?" I might have known. "It's got ants." The tone was final and resigned. There was evidently nothing more to be said on the subject; the kodak had ants, and that was all there was to it—it was beyond the help of god or man. I subsided, feeling slightly baffled.

It was the same when the car in which we were attempting to reach the movies at a neighboring camp broke down and refused to stir. If you think it had dust in the carburetor, carbon in the cylinders or a short circuit in the ignition system, you are wrong. It had ants. Again, when a pet monkey of an ordinarily genial and kindly disposition turned without warning and rudely bit the hand that fed him, it was simply because he, too, had ants.

The first few times I heard this remark, I took the reference to be to the well-known species of female relative; but it seemed strange that every one should regard an aunt as something in the nature of an affliction, and besides, applied to inanimate objects like kodaks and Fords, it didn't seem to make altogether good sense. My personal experience with aunts has been that they are on the whole an asset rather than a liability, so I naturally wondered why they should cast such a universal gloom over Africa.

NOW I KNOW. It's a question of spelling. Africa has ants, not aunts. It also has a few other items, of course, such as veldt, high and low, lions, leopards, monkeys, diamonds, gold fields, crocodiles and jungles, but ants are without doubt the star turn, and anthills the most prominent bit of scenery to be found in the bush. To speak of this part of Africa without mentioning the anthills would be like attempting to ignore the skyscrapers in a description of New York. They are just as characteristic a feature of the landscape, and almost as numerous; in the bush, in the front yard, on the golf course, in the road—occasionally they even go so far as to spring up in the home, with the interesting result that you step out of bed on one, or find one sprouting gracefully from the pantry wall.

The tennis court is really one of the few places where they do not abound, but it would take an intrepid insect indeed to risk the consequences involved in picking out this particular site for his home. No true athlete would for a moment allow a mere ant (spelled either way in this case) to interfere with his tennis. Even an elephant or an uncle would be taking a chance.

Elsewhere than the tennis court, however, Africa might be said to be the ant's paradise. Some of the hills are big, pyramid-shaped mounds of earth as much as twenty feet high; these are said to have been built in past time by a race now extinct. These little creatures must have been the real pioneers of Africa, the first settlers, the Pilgrim Fathers; for though like the American Indians they have passed on to another happy hunting ground, the evidences of their industry and hardy determination are here for all to see.

Their hills are utilized a great deal, in one way and another; Kimberley brick, of which many of the houses are constructed, are made from their hard, rock-like substance, people put up picturesque little summer houses on top of them, trees and flowers grow out of them in great profusion, hunters creep round and round them to the point of dizziness when stalking game, and they are featured as both tees and greens on the golf courses. As pulpit tees they are not such a bad idea, but as ditto greens, the grief and confusion they cause to the approaching golfer is acute, a fact to which I am well qualified to bear painful personal witness.

THERE is one kind of ant found in the bush, which has a strange habit of clinging in clusters to a pile of dead leaves with their front feet, using their rear quarters as a sort of drumstick. When the alarm of an alien or menacing presence is given, they all commence to beat on the leaves in unison with their hind legs, producing a very ominous sound, almost exactly like that of a rattlesnake in full rattle. I have never been able to make out whether they are smart enough to know what they sound like, whether it's a sort of variation of chattering the teeth from fright, or whether they are simply making use of a telegraphic code of conversation; but I do know that it took quite a lot of proving the first time I heard them beating their agitated tattoo, to convince me that a rattler was not numbered among those present—and this in spite of the fact that I have been frequently and firmly informed that there are no rattlers in this part of the world.

As you go around the countryside, you often meet long columns of soldier ants out on a foraging party or perhaps merely taking the air. They are big

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From the Life

Pigeons

By IBBY HALL

EVER SINCE he had been a small boy he had loved the look of heroic gestures and the sound of beautiful words. Now, he was an old man but it was just the same with him. In an old square in an old city he sat on a bench in the winter sunlight and thought it over.

Maybe that was what was the matter with him. He was always seeing something or hearing something that other people said wasn't there.

Once, he had thought that words meant to everybody what they meant to him. He couldn't hear the word roses, without smelling roses—without seeing a garden full of blazing crimson before his eyes. He had thought people saw things as he saw them, too; that they looked at the sun and felt made of light; that they looked at a bird in the sky and rested with its wings upon the air. But it hadn't been long before he'd found out his mistake. They had found him out too and laughed at him. They had told him long ago that he would never get anywhere in the world. And they had been right.

He lifted his eyes and looked around the square. Well, it was very nice here. After ten years—and every day—it was as though he owned it, it had come so much to be home to him. He looked at the trees rising black and barely against the skyscrapers. He knew how strongly their roots pushed under the smooth cement to grip the earth and rock beneath. He knew the mingled stiffness and lightness in those out-stretched branches. For he was part of them.

Beyond the trees, the Winter traffic swirled and broke on the little island of the Park and in two rushing torrents poured by and around it. His blood tingled and his heart beat faster as he saw it. He was part of that, too. He had only to watch one of them, leaping and rushing and twisting, to feel within himself the pound and beat of the engine, the dizzy whirl of wheels, the sharp shock of the brakes.

It was as though the whole world somehow existed inside himself, and owned him. And he owned it.

Too long ago to count, they had told him that he should be an actor. And he had tried that. Yes, that had been wonderful. He had been Shakespeare for more seasons than he had sat in this park. Brilliant, flickering nights when he had found new selves and new emotions through words. Brilliant, living mornings when he had waked slowly from the rhythm that possessed his soul. Yes, that had been heaven! Until he must be this—he must be that—over and over, just as he was told. Must be!

Well, he had never been able to explain it to them. But either he *was* the part or he wasn't. To trick himself into a feeling—and to feed himself by the trick—no; no he couldn't explain it.

All the other things he had been told to do, he couldn't remember now. He had done very few of them. But he had earned his bread. Some day he would like to explain it to them—to all those others. He had never been able to do things their way. That was how it had to be. He had been forced to live his own way because he couldn't help himself. Though what they said was that he should have made a name for himself. What would he have done with it, he wondered, now that he was an old man?

THERE CAME a sudden sound close to him as though an invisible harp-string had been plucked and silenced. He closed his eyes and pretended not to notice. But his hand could not help stealing into his pocket in search of the crusts, could not help contracting—and crumbling— There it was again, close enough to have come from his own throat. He opened his eyes and saw them all around him—the pigeons. For a moment he could only look at them, his delight being so sharp and still. Surely no other creatures moved like that! They moved like water, pouring themselves into gliding shapes over the pavements, flowing upon wings into the air, streaming higher to distant housetops. He stretched his hand, and scattered the crumbs like snow into pools of sun-light. The colors trembling upon the folded wings hurt him with an ecstasy.

It was always the same, he should have brought more crumbs. But he was their belief in God; he would bring more crumbs tomorrow.

Across the way, from another bench some one called out to him, a sorry looking bum who got up slowly from his seat and came on over.

"They don't forget. They're always waitin' for you, ain't they?" said the bum watching the rippling pigeons. And with an air of morose grandeur he sat down upon the bench. "They got good memories, like you."

The pigeons' friend looked at him intently for a moment and smiled back.

"What I can't figure out is," said the bum with a heavy frown, "the way you hold on to all them words. What they was saying, was, how you knew every word this fellow Shakespeare ever wrote."

The bum was staring at the pavement as though in singular effort. "Like that queer one you was saying about Egypt. Last time it was. About Egypt."

"'Only,'" said the pigeons' friend slowly, "'I have importuned Death awhile, until—of many thousand kisses—the poor last—I lay upon thy lips.'"

"That's it," said the bum approvingly, "you got it. It listens good, don't it?" He got up suddenly and stared at the skyscrapers rising between himself and the Hudson. "Well, sun's gone," he muttered, and faded slowly off into the distance.

The park policeman sauntered down the cement pathways, turning his head judiciously from side to side. "Spring weather," he called out to the figure on the bench. His old friend nodded and once more raised his hand. . . .

LATER it was colder. With the stars and the darkness it certainly turned much colder. Too cold for an old man on a bench, thought the policeman, making his late rounds and recognizing the solitary figure. Well, he supposed it was a pleasant place to sit, at that. When an old fellow lives alone and works all day, playing model to these sculptors and so on— He walked over to the bench and laid a hand upon the brooding shoulder.

"Say," said the park policeman jocosely, "don't you know it's way past your bed-time?"

He leaned more closely. He stooped and looked into the quiet face. Under his breath he made a sharp exclamation.

It was—way past.

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The Trend of Events

On With the New

HOW will the Coolidge Administration appear in the perspective of time? Fifty years from now? Or twenty-five? Or even ten? Will Calvin Coolidge's figure grow in stature with the years or will it shrink?

To his contemporaries, if the daily press is a judge, Mr. Coolidge has been often an enigma and to some even a myth; but at the same time he has left upon them the impression of a sort of shrewd yet spontaneous simplicity. From the time of taking the oath of office by lamplight before his father in the Vermont farm house to the final preparations for return to his rented half of a two family house on a side street in Northampton, Massachusetts, he has preserved at once the dignity of the Presidential office and the American tradition of the essential equality of all American citizens. He could certainly have been renominated and almost as certainly re-elected. His return to the status of simple citizen by deliberate and express choice has seemed to stop the mouths of merely carping critics.

From the apparently negative virtues of the dying Administration, editorial opinion turns with interest to the promise of a more affirmative and active Administration to come. It is a change from the sausage and wheatcakes of New England to the bacon and eggs of the West. Vermont yields to California. And yet the press finds as much mystery in Hoover as it found in Coolidge. Where information is lacking gossip thrives. Perhaps the press has really known more than it has seemed to know and has put out as guesses what really were items of information. Perhaps Mr. Hoover has been more communicative than he has wished to seem to be. At any rate the press was pretty well satisfied as to the personnel of almost the whole Cabinet by the end of February. The names of Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Adams, both quondam Democrats, certainly neither an unbleached Republican, have met with universal favor. Democratic papers regard them as a recognition of Mr. Hoover's appeal beyond party lines. Mr. Good and Mr. Brown are accepted as appointees for political purposes but appear to arouse no animosity and elicit no accusation of unfitness. On the whole Mr. Hoover's official family seems to have been greeted without disappointment even if without universal enthusiasm.

Colonel Donovan's absence from the list seems to have been understood. It is not, at least generally, ascribed to his religion. Even wet newspapers acknowledge that Mr. Hoover's Attorney-General had to be a convinced, as well as a practicing, dry.

Ten years after it was adopted and nine years after it went into effect as a Constitutional policy, prohibition has become the most disputatious and baffling of public questions. This is now recognized by supporters of prohibition among daily newspapers as well as by opponents. There is also a growing recognition of what Mr. Hoover calls the "abuses" that have grown up with prohibition. It is the market for illicit liquor under prohibition that finances gang wars. It is the wholly false values that prohibition has been creating that are having an effect necessarily harmful upon many boys and girls and especially on young aliens. Against these abuses there is protest; and indignation has led some to liken the Prohibition Law to the Fugitive Slave Act; but the parallel is not exact. "Which," asks the Springfield "Republican," "will be the first State to threaten secession from the Union if some bootleg 'king' should be sent to prison for five years?" Mr. Hoover will need the best of investigators for his investigation.

Marcus in the New York Times

Enjoying his own funeral arrangements

And he needs all his own skill to steer the Nation through the forthcoming Special Session of Congress. The promise of a new tariff for farm products has started the scramble for higher duties all around. If for hides, why not for shoes? If against foreign sugar why not against Philippine sugar. What does it profit the farmer for some cattle raisers to get more for hides if he has to pay double duties on the shoes he wears? How can we pretend to be guardians of the Filipinos and then skin our wards? Shall we hoist our tariff on lumber and oil and thus encourage the depletion of our natural resources? Shall we build a higher tariff wall along our Northern border and thus offend our best customer, Canada? Is not the farmer as consumer in danger of getting a tariff goldbrick?

In international affairs Mr. Hoover inherits some problems; but, according to the prevailing opinion, he inherits some distinct advantages. It is true that Anglo-American relations have been somewhat touchy; but allowance must be made for home politics in England. If Sir Esme Howard and Sir Austen Chamberlain seem to speak inconsistently about the prospect of further conference on reduction of armaments, we must realize that what is meant for us to hear is likely to be different from what is meant for the ears of the British electorate a few weeks before election. Really the air has been cleared. Coolidge has left to Hoover an improving relation with England.

And Coolidge has prepared for Hoover the way to closer international relations in general. The question of the World Court has been reopened, with Root on the job. The Kellogg Pact has been put through and all the weight of world opinion has been enlisted on the side of peaceful methods of settling disputes. We have settled, and even those who wanted to make new trouble by trying to substitute the Senate for the President as the judge of the need of keeping American marines there have been defeated—whether they wanted to weaken our position for politics' sake or just on principle. So Hoover begins well there, especially as he has the negotiator of the Nicaraguan settlement as his Secretary of State. And public opinion is well prepared, if the press is a good gauge of it, for those preparations that an engineer President is particularly qualified to make for the

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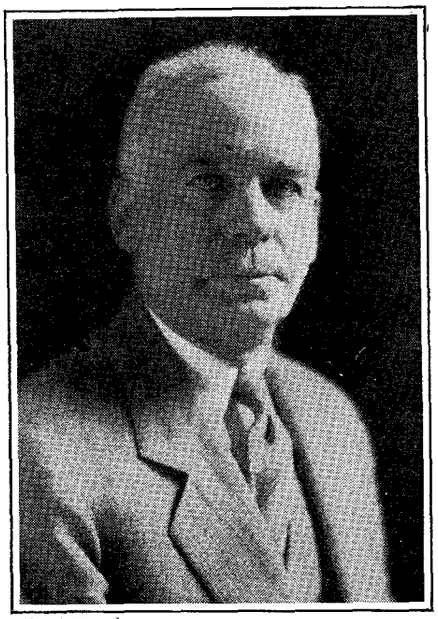

Underwood

JAMES W. GOOD
Secretary of War

ultimate building of the Nicaraguan Canal. The Middle West sees no need of it; but may be mollified by the prospect of improved inland waterways. With restless Mexico, Coolidge has left for Hoover an improving relationship, as indeed with all Latin America.

The New Cabinet

ALTHOUGH Washington does not seem to have recovered from its surprise at the personnel of the new Cabinet, the ten executive department heads are held to be characteristic of the engineer-President who picked them. The group differs radically from recent Cabinets in that it seems to be a team of technicians selected for fitness for their individual tasks rather than a group of faithful and rewarded politicians. Among the latter there is some heartburning as they scan the unfamiliar names now serving in the Presidential household. Eight have held or are holding public office, but only two of the ten—Secretary of War Good and Postmaster-General Brown—are well-known figures in the field of practical politics. There was wide-spread wrinkling of foreheads at the announcement of the names of Secretary of Commerce Lamont, Secretary of the Navy Adams and Attorney-General Mitchell, but they were mostly political foreheads.

With the exception of Good and Brown, it is a non-political group Hoover has brought together. More important, perhaps, than their detachment from organization affairs is the consideration that at least eight of the ten are not politically minded in a partisan way. What that presages for the Administration of a new type of Chief Magistrate is difficult to determine, but the potentialities in such a situation are intriguing to the non-political speculator. Party politicians, naturally, would have preferred to see the President lean more toward their own brethren. Despite his tendency to vote for Republican candidates for the Presidency, Attorney-General Mitchell is a registered Democrat. Secretary Adams was regarded as a Democrat until 1920 and hails from a city where party labels have been abandoned in local elections.

Secretary of State Stimson may be classed as a good Republican, but he has served as adviser rather than participant. G. O. P. leaders in the New York organization are now trying to forget that Secretary Stimson usually sided with ex-Governor Smith in the latter's long war over important constitutional amendments with the Republican majority in the New York Legislature. Secretary of Agriculture Hyde was a Progressive in 1912, as was Hoover himself. Secretary of the Interior Wilbur found little time as a university president to indulge in politics.

The new Cabinet also reflects the political re-orientation so noticeable in recent years. Western men and Western problems will occupy the stage with the incumbency of the first President from the Far West. The financial and industrial East has only four representatives—Mellon, Adams, Stimson and Davis—and the latter may be only a temporary appointee. That section of the Nation chiefly interested in waterways, agriculture, regrouping of railroads and problems dealing with raw rather than manufactured products has six of the ten men who will help to formulate the Hoover policies. The failure of the South to win representation, in view of campaign promises and talk of the growth of a New South, is quite unexplainable, at least to Southern politicians.

Underwood

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS
Secretary of the Navy

Underwood

WALTER F. BROWN
Postmaster-General

Mr. Hoover obviously wants co-operators rather than individualists around him, and this, too, is characteristic. A canvass of the records of the lucky ten indicates that he has succeeded. The co-operative spirit appears to be strong in at least eight. It is not surprising, perhaps, to learn that one of the two regarded as independent spirits bears the name of Adams, and is a descendant of the stiff-necked Presidential family. Strangely, the other Cabinet member known for a touch of individualism is Hoover's close friend and his only personal appointment, Secretary Wilbur.

With such a President and such a Cabinet Washington looks for little of the spectacular in the next four years. What it anticipates is an efficient and machinelike discharge of government business and the promulgation of many plans for expansion which were deferred

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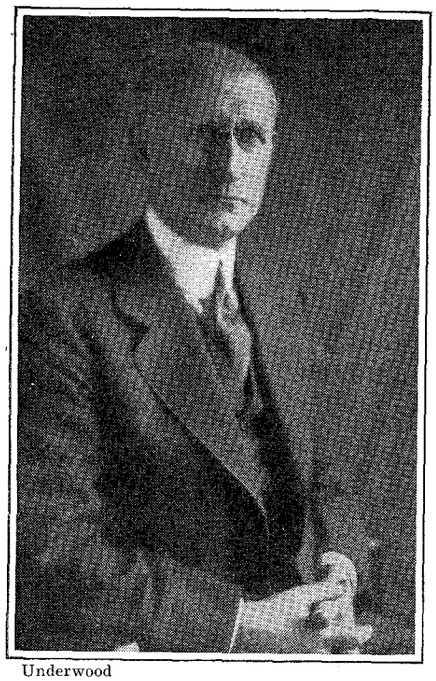


Underwood

ROBERT P. LAMONT
Secretary of Commerce

first by the World War and then by ex-President Coolidge's cautious and conservative viewpoint. Political Washington, in short, does not look for thrills, but it expects many surprises.

▶▶*Salutatory*

AT NO OTHER TIME is a President so free to speak his mind as in his Inaugural Address. The occasion requires no specific pronouncements upon a catalogue of miscellaneous subjects. It is not the place for polemics. And so, if he likes, his Inaugural Address may become in some measure his own idealization of the four years which are ahead of him. We like to feel that something of this spirit directed President Hoover. We think it is evident in some of his more significant statements.

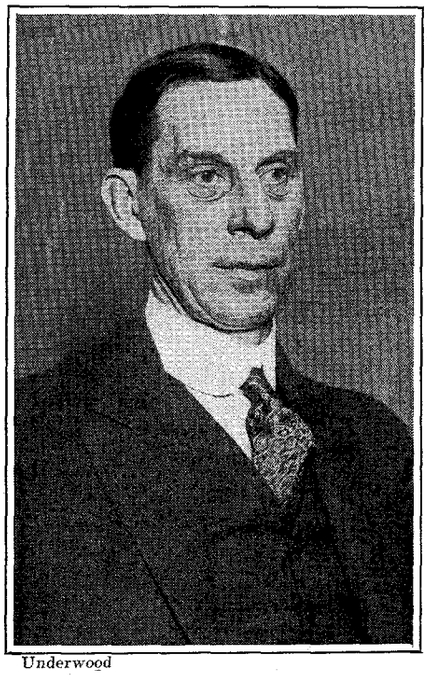
There is a distant echo of the confidence in America's progress and peculiar mixture of spiritual and material ideals which informed his speech of acceptance. "Higher degree of comfort . . . liberation from wide-spread poverty . . . individual freedom . . . equal opportunity . . . things of the spirit . . . denial of domination by any group or class . . . strengthening of the home"—these phrases sound the note struck at Palo Alto last August.

And this is significant, for to it may be traced the President's singling out of deficiencies in our judicial system and the increase of crime as the paramount dangers which the country faces and their consideration and remedy as "the most sore necessity of our times."

"To re-establish the vigor and effectiveness of law enforcement we must critically consider the entire Federal machinery of justice," states Mr. Hoover, "the redistribution of its functions, the simplification of its procedure, the provision of additional special tribunals, the better selection of juries, and the more effective organization of our agencies of investigation and prosecution that justice may be sure and that it may be swift.

"Of the undoubted abuses which have grown up under the Eighteenth Amendment, part are due to the causes I have just mentioned; but part are due to the failure of some States to accept their share of responsibility for concurrent enforcement and to the failure of many State and local officials to accept the obligation under their oath of office zealously to enforce the laws . . .

"But a large responsibility rests directly upon our citizens . . . No greater National service can be given by men and women of good will . . . than that they should, by their example, assist in stamping out crime and outlawry by refusing participation in and condemning all transactions with illegal liquor . . . If citizens do not like a law, their duty as honest men and women is to discourage its violation; their right is openly to work for its repeal.



Underwood

DR. RAY LYMAN WILBUR
Secretary of the Interior

Underwood

ARTHUR M. HYDE
Secretary of Agriculture

"I propose to appoint a National commission for a searching investigation of the whole structure of our Federal system of jurisprudence, to include the method of enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and the causes of abuse under it. Its purpose will be to make such recommendations for reorganization of the administration of Federal laws and court procedure as may be found desirable. In the meantime it is essential that a large part of the enforcement activities be transferred from the Treasury Department to the Department of Justice as a beginning of more effective organization."

Upon the relation of government to business Mr. Hoover's remarks are a reiteration, without particular clarification, of views previously expressed: "The election has again confirmed the determination of the American people that regulation of private enterprise and not Government ownership or operation is the course rightly to be pursued in our relation to business," he says. Differentiating between the industries "which produce and distribute commodities" and the public utilities, he declares that "the rigid enforcement of the laws applicable to both groups is the very base of equal opportunity and freedom from domination for all our people. Regulation of both groups should be extended through the Federal Government within the limitations of the Constitution and only when the indi-

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vidual States are without power to protect their citizens through their own authority. On the other hand, we should be fearless when the authority rests only in the Federal Government."

At least part of the President's statement on foreign affairs must have pleased those who were disappointed in the vagueness of his campaign pronouncements. For he definitely pledged his support of American adherence to the World Court and went further than either President Coolidge or Secretary Kellogg has gone in commenting upon the Senate's reservations. These, he said, "should not be misinterpreted. The United States seeks by these reservations no special privilege or advantage, but only to clarify our relation to advisory opinions and other matters which are subsidiary to the major purpose of the Court."

As for "imperialism," "Superficial observers," he says, "seem to find no destiny for our abounding increase in population, in wealth and power except that of imperialism. They fail to see that the American people are engrossed in the building for themselves of a new economic system, a new social system, a new political system—all of which are characterized by aspirations of freedom of opportunity and thereby are the negation of imperialism . . ."

Mr. Hoover's entire outlook upon foreign affairs is glimpsed through the glasses of world peace. His views upon the navy are exposed only inferentially. "Peace can be contributed to by respect for our ability in defense," he says. "Peace can be promoted by the limitation of arms and by the creation of the instrumentalities for peaceful settlement of controversies."

As for farm relief and tariff revision, these he leaves for the special session of Congress which he promises to call.

▸▸*War in the Movie World*

THERE MAY BE a trade war in the movie world between French and American producers. At least it looks as though the truce which Will Hays arranged for a year ago might not be continued.

That truce was based on the limiting to 500 pictures a year of the export of American films to France. French film producers now seek to have that 500 reduced to 350. They want also to secure an agreement from American agencies to buy French films in return for permission to exhibit American films in France.

The French syndicate of motion-picture producers hopes not only to limit the number of American films imported, but also to establish a quota by which one French film must be bought by Americans for every three American films shown in France.

Perhaps the chief difficulty in reaching a settlement of the conflicting interests is to be found in the fact that the French public wants American films. The artificial protection of France's home-grown picture industry may be of little advantage to France if French movie fans cannot get pictures they are willing to pay to see.

▸▸*Mexicans Revolt*

THE REVOLT in Mexico had been foreseen by a few competent observers. It is in its early stage as we are writing, but, if it is true, as reports indicate, that eight States, the Army, and part of the Navy, are supporting it, and that Vera Cruz is in the hands of the rebels, the movement would seem to be better organized than a sporadic revolt.

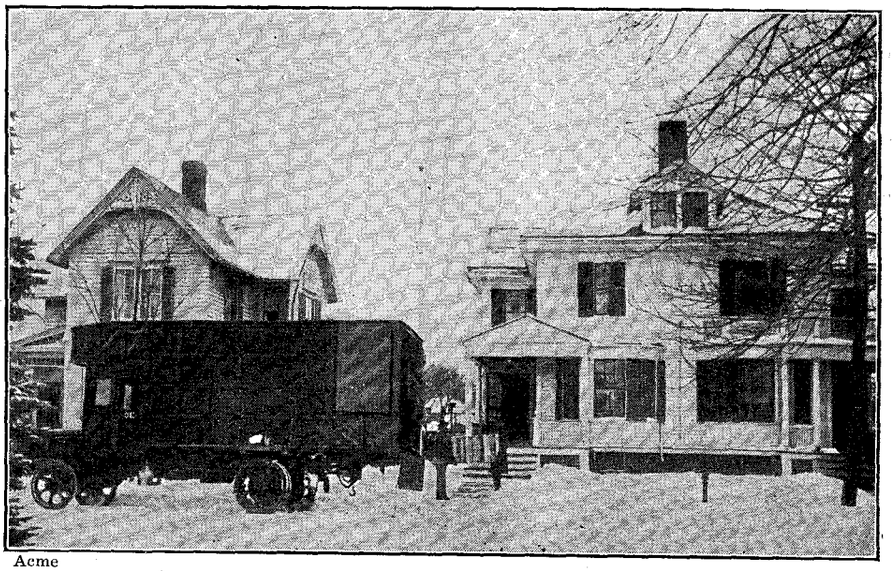
The opposition to the new President, Portes Gil, and to his backer, Calles, who will now act as Minister of War, is based largely on the enmity of the Agrarians, of whom the late General Obregon was the leader, to the radical labor element and to its activities under the auspices of "C. R. O. M." The assassination of Obregon, of which Morones, Minister of Labor under Calles, has been accused, apparently precipitated the rift among the radicals. In this regard it seems probable that the situation in Mexico is not unlike that in Russia, where although radicals have taken over the reins of government various leaders in radicalism have divided themselves into relative right and left wings. Of course, another factor in support of any revolt against the present Mexican Administration is the persecution of the Catholics in which Calles and his successor have been most active.

The bitterness of feeling is indicated by a telegram from the Governor of Sonora in reply to one from President Portes Gil. Governor Topete declared his allegiance to the leader of the revolt, Aguirre, and tells the President that his rule "has made a comedy of the public vote" and that his action as Chief Executive is an ignominy.

While it is yet too early to determine the outcome of this revolt, it is probable that a more masterly stroke by the conservative element of Mexico will follow sooner or later. In the meantime, great concern is felt for Ambassador Morrow and his family and Colonel Lindbergh, who, according to Americans returning from Mexico, were apprised last week of the advisability of returning to the United States immediately.

▸▸*A Verdict*

GENERAL UMBERTO NOBILE, leader of the tragic Italia expedition to the Arctic last summer, has now suffered the ultimate calamity: an investigating board of his countrymen has fixed upon him



Acme

ANOTHER WHITE HOUSE FOR MR. COOLIDGE

Moving the belongings of the Coolidge family into their new residence in Northampton, Massachusetts

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responsibility for the disaster which cost the lives of seven men. The committee, headed by Admiral Cagni, was charged with inquiring into the causes of the maneuver which sent the dirigible crashing upon the ice, the conduct of the survivors after the accident and the conduct of the rescue parties. On the first point the committee decided unanimously that the disaster was due to a "faulty maneuver, the result partly of the composition of the crew and of the way the crew was handled. Responsibility for the faulty maneuver falls on the Italia's commander." On the second, General Nobile is roundly censured for allowing the Swedish aviator, Captain Einar Lundborg, to rescue him before his companions. On the other hand, the conduct of Captains Mariano and Zappi, who accompanied the Swedish meteorologist, Dr. Finn Malgrem, on the trek for shore, is characterized as "not open to criticism, and, indeed, is worthy of praise." Finally, the committee comments, "The rescue work performed with dutiful enthusiasm by Italians with the efficacious collaboration of foreigners constitutes a wonderful example of human solidarity, culminating in the ice-breaker Krassin's fortunate exploit and the chivalrous and generous sacrifice of Roald Amundsen."

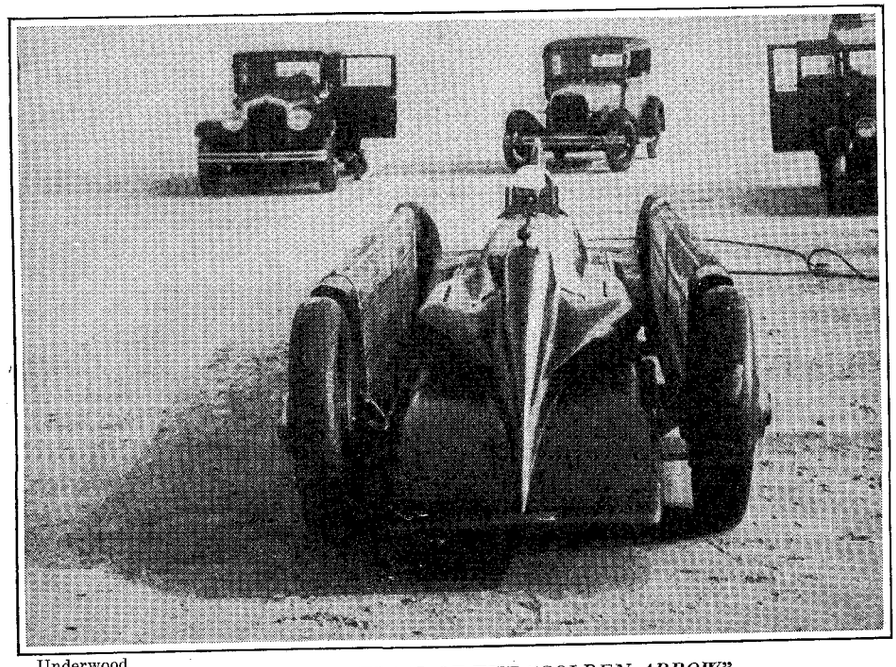
Thus, an official *finis* is written to one of the most unfortunate of Arctic expeditions. The Italian Government's condemnation of Nobile agrees with the general feeling that the commander was himself to blame, perhaps for faulty leadership, certainly for taking out his ship, inadequate itself, as some have said, in the face of adverse weather reports.

▸▸Cuban Plots and Counter Plots

CONSPIRACY TO ASSASSINATE President Machado of Cuba and cause intervention by the United States was the charge alleged against ten men whom the Cuban police seized on February 27, declaring that they headed an organization to create an impression that Cuba is unable to govern herself. Several of the prisoners were persons of high professional standing. Chief of Police Fors, in a somewhat curious statement, implicated Communists and Nationalists, the Anti-Imperialist League and the Nationalist Union in the plot, and declared that it had been under way for weeks.

"Lies!" asserted Octavio Seigle in New York, founder of the Cuban Nationalist Party and one of the total list of seventy-three men whom the Cuban Government is seeking. He added a counter-charge to the effect that President Machado has been responsible for political assassinations, that his administration has enriched itself from national lottery grafts and has corrupted the Government and that no plot against his life exists. Dr. Alejandro Vergara Leonard, one of the arrested men, also denied that any violence had been contemplated.

"Liars!" retorted President Machado,



Underwood

AT THE FIRST TRIAL OF THE "GOLDEN ARROW"

Major Segrave's newest creation in which he hopes to beat all records on the sands of Daytona Beach

Underwood

WILLIAM D. MITCHELL

Attorney General

in effect, although in diplomatic terms, in a refutation of these accusations issued by his secretary. He claimed for his administration the confidence of the people and all reputable political parties, which Señor Seigle contended he did not possess.

Evidently, under the smoke of controversy there is a good deal of the fire of discontent in Cuba. How serious and how formidable it may be remains to be seen. Meanwhile there is pending in the Senate at Washington a discussion on the Shipstead resolution denouncing the present régime in Cuba as a virtual dictatorship, which is likely to lead to a public investigation when it comes up for hearing in the Committee on Foreign Relations upon the reconvening of Congress.

▸▸The Seventieth Congress

THE SCALES fall heavily against the Seventieth Congress in weighing its achievements against its failures of omission or commission, in the opinion of commentators in the National Capital. This is the general estimate of its record even in the face of the fact that one of its accomplishments—ratification of the Kellogg Peace Pact—may prove to be a forward step toward international peace. It was typical of the tumultuous session just concluded, however, that it accompanied this gesture with passage of a bill for construction of fifteen cruisers and a parliamentary squabble as to which should

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have the right of way. In striving for world concord the Senate seemed to do so grudgingly, quarrelsomely. These two measures, however, constitute the most important work of the deceased Congress.

The record is better with regard to domestic legislation. After many years of controversy the question of constructing Boulder Dam was finally disposed of, and Congress pierced the armor of the President's private development philosophy by providing for public construction and operation as an alternative should that prove necessary. It also adopted a far-reaching program for controlling the Mississippi River and its tributaries. It took steps to recreate a merchant marine by the Jones Bill providing for large loans to shipbuilders and authorizing what amounts to a mail subsidy. It ratified, after some hesitation, the Shipping Board's action in disposing of the larger vessels of the United States Lines.

The question of prohibition seemed to give the Congress more concern than legislation of a constructive nature. Amidst a great deal of talk, both Houses adopted the Jones Bill for heavier penalties and definitely committed the Federal Government to larger dry law appropriations in the future. The Senate revealed a changing temper with regard to Federal indifference when it defeated the Bruce proposal for a $270,000,000 enforcement appropriation by only three votes, after once adopting it during a playful hour.

Like its predecessors, the Seventieth Congress did nothing about such important Presidential proposals as improvement of the coal industry, relief for agriculture, railroad consolidation and government reorganization. It also neglected the pressing problem of reapportioning its membership in accord with a Constitutional mandate. It did not even consider bills to curb abuses of the injunction weapon in labor disputes or to set its house in order by adopting the Norris resolution for abolition of the "lame duck" session. Passed four times in the Senate in recent years, the proposal to convene Congress on January 1 after election and terminate the annual legislative jam of the last few weeks of each session always meets destructive opposition in the House.

The Senate clung to its investigative tendencies, and there were at times as many as eleven inquiries under way. Two of these inquisitions are counted to produce good results—the investigation of the so-called power trust in the hands of the Federal Trade Commission and the inquiry designed to end the sale and barter of Federal offices in the South.

▸▸Congress and Crime

The Seventieth Congress took more interest in the problem of crime than its recent predecessors, and President Hoover's demand for a nationwide investigation of "law enforcement" is expected to focus public attention on the subject. In fact, it is believed that his chief purpose in asking the inquiry was to force greater consideration of this growing evil of lawlessness. He is said to feel it cannot be solved in a day or by a single investigation, but that a beginning cannot be made too soon.

Underwood

JAMES S. ALEXANDER

Prominent executive in New York's $2,000,000,000 bank merger

There have been sporadic demands and movements for study and suppression of crime, but the crime wave seems to run on forever. Hoover would begin construction of a dam of public sentiment and improved legal machinery for stopping the flow, if it is possible. Therefore he departed from his original plan for an investigation into prohibition enforcement alone. What he hopes, apparently, is to discover whether greater assurance of swift punishment for the law-breaker cannot be obtained by improving the American system of jurisprudence and administration of the courts. Having spent so many years abroad, it is only natural that the President should contrast the ineffectiveness of American justice with that in Great Britain and France. The improvements he seeks are those for which Continental nations are noted.

Mr. Hoover's attitude, however, did not prevail in Congress when the Jones Bill for heavier penalties for prohibition offenders was under consideration. It was shot to the White House and made law in the face of arguments that juries would not convict violators who could be sent to prison for five years at the whim or digestion of a judge. This argument forced amendments providing for application of the heavier punishment only to habitual, commercial and criminal law-breakers on a large and rampant scale, but the new law leaves considerable discretion to the individual judge.

The Congress also took cognizance of the increasing traffic in drugs. It appropriated $200,000 to provide funds for forty more narcotic agents and the purchase of evidence. Government officials have frequently testified that lack of funds has handicapped break-up of the drug traffic, as it has the enforcement of prohibition. A proposal for a nationwide survey of the narcotic situation was passed by the Senate, and would have passed the House had it been presented for consideration.

▸▸Art and the Law

It is not at all remarkable that the jury disagreed in the suit of Mrs. Hahn against Sir Joseph Duveen. The probability is great that a jury of art experts would have disagreed. What the jury had to decide could not be put more clearly than in Justice Black's charge: "To decide first whether or not it is a genuine masterpiece by Leonardo da Vinci, before proceeding to the second and third equally essential elements; namely, whether Sir Joseph had an improper or wicked motive in calling it a copy of the picture in the Louvre and whether he caused specific damage."

No one claims that the Hahn painting is a recent "fake." Mrs. Hahn and her witnesses say that it was painted by Leonardo da Vinci. Sir Joseph Duveen said over the telephone that it is a copy of the famous "La Ferronière" in the Louvre. On that and the charge of malicious intent and of actual money damage to Mrs. Hahn because of Sir Joseph's assertion her case stands.

The evidence was not altogether a question of expert opinion; the plaintiff alleged physical facts that, she claimed,

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proved it impossible that the painting is a copy; the defendant adduced certain physical proofs that it is a copy.

As the judge pointed out to the jury, the State of New York spent about $10,000 on this trial apart from what it cost the litigants. It lasted a month. The division of the jury was nine to three in favor of Mrs. Hahn. The jurymen say that they were hopelessly divided as to whether the Hahn picture is an original or a copy and on the question as to malice in Sir Joseph's assertion that it was a copy, and that they never reached the third question—whether actual injury was inflicted. That sympathetic feeling played the usual part it does in a jury trial is generally believed.

The case may be tried again. By consent a motion that the claim should be dismissed for want of evidence on the plaintiff's side, was not argued when made. Justice Black will now decide this motion, and perhaps an appeal as to the law of slander of title may follow his decision. Justice Black has remarked that suits for slander of title are rare and the application of the law uncertain.

The Visa Boomerang

HEREAFTER American tourists visiting Italy may do so without payment of the $10 visa fee which has been collected from all Americans for the official consular stamp. The agreement is only partly reciprocal: Italian tourists desiring to visit the United States may secure their stamps for nothing, but Italian emigrants must still pay $10. Thus the United States has gained a point, while the Italians have given up their lucrative visa revenue in the hope of attracting more American tourists—and more American money.

While Italy has now gone the way of Switzerland, Germany and Belgium in lifting the visa fee to Americans, most of the European countries still collect $10 fees from American tourists, although they have reduced the tax among themselves to a dollar or two. Practically all of them, so it is said, would gladly lift the fee entirely if they felt the United States would make a fair arrangement. But while most American visitors to Europe are tourists, by far the largest proportion of Europeans entering this country are immigrants. And so long as Washington insists upon charging immigrants the fee, other governments contend that to remove their tax entirely would be a distinctly unfair arrangement.

On the budget of the average American tourist $50 or $60 for visas bulks fairly large. There seems no good reason why the United States should penalize its own tourists merely for the million-odd dollars it receives each year.

Chinese Spring Fever

SPRING IN CHINA has once more brought its customary outbreak of civil warfare. The new Nationalist Government at Nanking faces its first serious test of power since the overthrow of Chang Tso-lin and his northern military party at Peking.

In Shantung Province General Chang Tsung-chang, once a henchman of Chang Tso-lin, has started a campaign and named a new "government" with prominent conservatives listed for prominent posts. The progress of the fighting, however, is difficult to gauge; and there are rumors of disaffection in Honan Province, in southern central China, and at Canton in the south where the Nationalist movement had its origin. Likewise there has been an uprising among the troops at Peking, which was apparently suppressed without difficulty.

The Nanking Government in the south, striving desperately to maintain its position in the midst of a country disordered by years of internal strife, has protested to the Japanese Government for alleged connivance of Japanese representatives, in Shantung with the rebels under Chang Tsung-chang. Japan has denied any complicity in the affair. Suspicion on the part of the Chinese is natural, however, in view of the fact that the trouble followed closely upon the breakdown of conferences between Nationalist and Japanese delegates for a settlement of outstanding differences between the two governments, and that both Chang Tsung-chang and several of the men nominated for positions in his prospective cabinet come of factions known to have been friendly to Japanese interests in the past.

Remarkable Remarks

We need more good old-fashioned temperance revivals. But the trouble is we have no horrible examples in these days with which to illustrate the dangers of liquor.—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

A Dempsey can deliver a blow on a man's body with as much accuracy of detail as a Paderewski can draw notes from a piano. — ST. JOHN ERVINE.

It is for the men that the oils and salves and sweet smelling unguents should be prepared. Women don't even get bald. — HEYWOOD BROUN.

The Universe is not a vast show run by some capricious showman.—GLENN FRANK.

A diplomat is one that says something that is equally misunderstood by both sides and never clear to either.—WILL ROGERS.

The American sense of justice is clumsy and confused.—H. G. WELLS.

The old days of the right of every man to do as he likes with his own are a relic of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth centuries and won't work in the Twentieth. — SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS.

It is quite evident that the present political grip of the pulpit is a passing phase.—DR. JOHN H. FINLEY.

Intra-atomic Energy

A FOND DREAM of scientists—the hope of some day obtaining energy in tremendous quantities by releasing forces known to exist within the atoms of matter—was given a Christian burial on the recent occasion of the award to the scientists Michelson and Millikan of the gold medal of the Society of Arts and Sciences in New York. To quote from Dr. Millikan's address, "There is no appreciable energy available to man through atomic disintegration."

Every one who reads popular articles about science is familiar with the statement that there is enough energy in the atoms contained in a single dime to drive the Leviathan to Europe and back, if we could only get it out; and that this is only a matter of time. In round numbers this "intra-atomic" energy of matter is about one million times the energy obtained when an equal amount of combustible matter like coal or oil is burned. For more than a decade physicists have expected a way to be found to release these incomprehensible stores of locked up energy. This would multiply modern man's muscle power not merely by a factor of about 20, as the steam and gas engines have already

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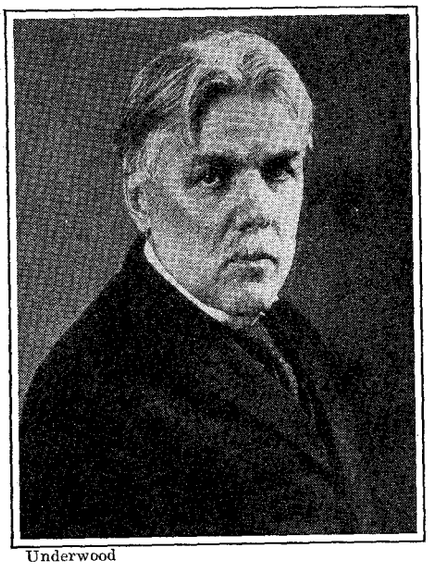

Underwood

DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

Pastor emeritus of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, who died recently. He was the successor of Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Lyman Abbott in that historic pulpit

done, but by virtually any desired amount; it would certainly revolutionize human existence.

Millikan's statement that we must be content with what we have—at least that we cannot expect any such fabulous accession of power as that referred to—is based upon recent research done by the British physicist Aston, taken in connection with certain recondite parts of the Einstein theory, or rather inferences these parts demand.

We shall now be faced with the necessity of surrendering this great expectation of stupendous future wealth of energy, an idea which has frequently led to the careless assurance that there is no need unduly to conserve our coal, because long before the coal can be used up intra-atomic energy will have taken its place. At present the coal is the best that is in sight.

▸▸*Colony or Dominion?*

THE RECENT ELECTION of Edward J. Higgins as the new commander in chief of the Salvation Army by an overwhelming majority of the High Council and its prompt approval and acceptance by Evangeline V. Booth, the leader of the American Army, settled one most important question; namely, whether the supreme command of the Army should be through a family dynasty or whether it should be democratic in nature.

Another question, however, of equal importance remains. Shall the American branch of the Salvation Army continue to be subordinate in all important matters to the British Army?

Commander Booth, who is on her way to America as we write, spoke earnestly in a press interview on this topic. She plainly declared, (if the press account is correct) her intention to enter into a campaign to free the American branch of domination from London. She is quoted as saying, "We are an international army, not especially British. If the idea prevails that one nation dominates, that is the rock on which we may split."

It is well known that practically absolute control of the branches of the Army is exercised by the commander in chief in London, and that has been the case ever since the American branch came into existence. The relation between the central British headquarters and that of the American branch, as it should be, might be compared to that of a Dominion of Great Britain to the Crown. But today it is more like that of a Crown Colony which takes its orders, its executives and its financial policies from the mother country.

▸▸*Better Late than Never*

THE HOUSE PENSION COMMITTEE, as the Outlook and Independent reported a week ago, voted to cut down a proposed pension for Mrs. Leonard Wood from $5,000 to $1,800. Promptly a large and strenuous howl went up from the newspapers all over the country. This howl plus the general good sense of Congress resulted in the restoration of the original $5,000 pension as soon as the matter was brought to the vote of the House. In fact, when the matter was put to vote but one lone voice was raised in favor of the reduction.

And so two years after General Wood's death, it begins to look as though the United States was about to get ready to prepare to be as generous toward his widow as the Republic of Cuba.

▸▸*Beginning of an Era*

CITIES WHICH WONDER whether commercial aviation is indeed a coming reality do not include Los Angeles. The Southern California city, which makes a creed of progress and superlatives, has taken heed of the trend of the times and built for the future in the Grand Central Air Terminal six miles from her business center. For this, it should be noted, is no simple airport. It is a real, businesslike station for established airways equipped with all the facilities of a great railway terminal.

Besides the firesafe hangars, airplane sales rooms, mail, express and passenger depots which it includes, the Los Angeles terminal is distinguished from other airports in the United States in that its purpose is strictly business. There will be no casual use of the port by "joy-hoppers;" pilot schooling is to be eliminated. Only incoming and de-

VATICAN CITY

Formed by the treaty between the Church and Italy. The white line shows the new boundaries

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parting ships on established airways are to use the port.

The Grand Central Air Terminal was rushed through to at least partial conclusion in anticipation of the first air-rail service across the continent which will be opened in April. For the present, besides this "Lindbergh line," planes of the Transcontinental Air Transport and the Maddux Air Lines will use the port. Its facilities will be open for use by other lines as soon as they are projected.

Airports such as this one are already dotted over Europe, but Los Angeles has constructed the pioneer station in the United States. Thus, we observe, she has opened an era in transportation.

Back Stage in Washington

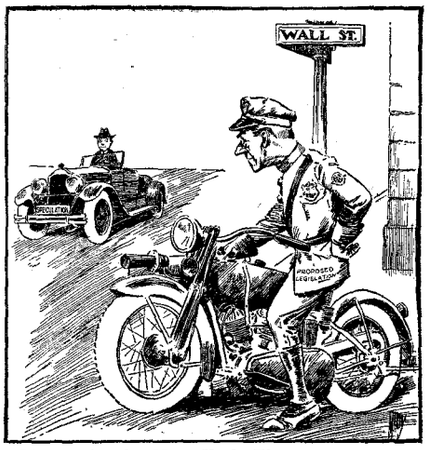
WASHINGTON, D. C.

PRESIDENT HOOVER, we hear, is the unwitting cause of a feud between the prima donnas of House and Senate which bodes ill for him who gets caught in their oratorical enfilade, even though it be a new Chief Executive eager to keep on good terms with everybody. The contest endangered much important legislation in the late hours of the Coolidge Administration and we catch predictions that it may cause anguish in the White House when the temperamental legislators resume their strife at the special session next month. We refer to the sharp struggle which these two not so august bodies are waging for a choice spot in the sunlight of public esteem and National recognition.

The press can hardly be blamed for neglecting this really noteworthy development in National affairs; in these days of mass production, keener competition and standardized output, the conventional correspondent has neither time nor inclination to discuss underlying motives or far-reaching implications. Yet there is more than meets the eye in the legislative disagreements between the two Houses in which some measures went to unmarked pigeon-holes and others emerged only at the belated trumpet call by those two legislative Gabriels, Messrs. Longworth and Dawes. There is more than the press has disclosed in the rough-and-tumble set-to between the haughty head men of the two Houses. Not for fun, in our opinion, do the great figures of our National legislature loiter at opposite ends of the corridor dividing the chambers and make faces at one another in the worst manner of boisterous gangs across an alley fence.

The irascible Carter Glass of Virginia, for instance, denounced the Honorable Nick's cut-ups as "contumacious and timid," whereupon Nick's dry playmate, Louis Cramton of Michigan and the Anti-Saloon League, retorted with the charge that the noble wearers of the figurative toga were "petty politicians." It was all highly amusing, though hardly conducive to the orderly conduct of the business of the world's greatest Republic, but our more philosophic informers tell us that, despite its comic aspects, the clash is of more than passing interest in that it may foreshadow a new era.

It reflects the hope of House Republicans, we are told, in a renaissance of their more representative body under President Hoover's ministrations. There may be some warrant for this hope, we



Marcus in the New York Times

Another traffic ruling going into effect?

suspect. They were, we recall, the first to discern in Hoover the makings of a winner. When most Senators were pooh-poohing his candidacy and pushing their own, including Vice President Curtis and Senate Leader Watson, almost ten-score members of the House were holding weekly rallies at the Willard Hotel and debating, rotarylike, how best to sell him to the Grand Old Party. Thus they regard him as a House product. They think they have an even stronger hold on him. Hoover, as they assure themselves, is a President whose chief concerns will be economic and therefore one whose bond should be close with the body wherein all measures for financing his ventures must originate. The House, in their interested opinion, is the more dependable and industrious branch, whereas the Senate is now no more than a school of self-expression. They are happy at the thought that Hoover has held his major parleys on his legislative program with Longworth, Tilson, Fort and Newton rather than Senate bosses. They rejoice at the prospect that Senate strategists will try to befuddle the special session with a great variety of legislative troubles, whereas the excellent Mr. Longworth has promised Hoover to sit on the lid and confine the calendar to tariff revision and farm legislation.

Now, in the light of the Donovan and other incidents, which reveal Hoover's settled plan to let no sentimental considerations jeopardize the success of his Administration, we cannot subscribe to all these finely spun theories, but these are the thoughts upon which the House feeds and grows bold. Perhaps the idea is not so fantastic after all. Before and during the War it was the House which commanded the Nation's attention with its $10,000,000,000 bond issues and creation of a National Army. Those were the days of gore and glory for the House, and the names on the Nation's tongue were those of Julius Kahn, Champ Clark, Jim Mann, Joe Cannon, Joe Fordney and Andrew J. Volstead. It was not until Woodrow Wilson brought the Covenant from Paris that the spot-light shifted to the Senate and found awaiting its fickle glow such figures as Borah, Brandegee, Lodge, Knox, Penrose, Johnson, Walsh and Harding.

Though the Senate has given good service by its independent conduct, we think it would be a step in the right direction if the more responsive House won the supremacy it seeks in legislative and political councils. We understand Hoover shares this viewpoint, though, of course, he cannot give utterance to such an iconoclastic idea. Under the firm though porous grip of Longworth the House is now the citadel of G. O. P. conservatism, but it can, over a period of years, be more easily swayed by public opinion. We have always thought it significant, in that connection, that Tom Heflin did not let loose certain suppressed emotions and orations until he had quit the body where re-election fights come every two years and found himself entrenched behind a six-year grant of the right to be himself.

A. F. C.

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

STUDENTS of literary theft will be interested to compare Rachel Crothers's latest hit "Let Us Be Gay," with A. A. Milne's "Meet the Prince," and wonder what book these two authors read in order to steal the same plot—always providing of course that you are one of those naïve people who really believe that honorable authors consciously steal plots.

It is amusing, nevertheless, that two plays built on precisely the same idea should strike Broadway at the same time. And since we had seen "Meet the Prince" only an evening or so before we were introduced to "Let Us Be Gay," the similarity was striking.

The idea behind both of these comedies is simple. A husband and wife, between whom there is a deep but stormy emotion, quarrel and part—only to meet later under circumstances where no one knows they were formerly husband and wife, and where beneath the amusing situation precipitated by their secret, they themselves resume their original emotional quarrel and succeed in settling it happily.

In "Meet the Prince" it takes the form of a runaway husband who pretends that he is the Prince of an imaginary European state, only to meet his wife on a house party and find that she is pretending to be the widow of a mythical General Bulger, who has conveniently died somewhere in India. Since in each case to give away the other is to ruin one's self, these two keep up the pretense until the mythical Mrs. Bulger is so outraged by her husband's actions that she lays plans to expose him—only to have him neatly turn the tables on her by discharging his chauffeur and pretending that the chauffeur was the Prince and he himself was merely acting the Prince's part, partly as an adventure, partly on a salary. This piece of magnificent chicanery gives the victory to the husband, and he promptly uses it to court his wife all over again and win her, just as the curtain falls.

In Rachel Crothers's "Let Us Be Gay," the same things happens, only to a much more flesh and blood husband and wife, between whom there is a more genuine emotion. As a result of the husband's unfaithfulness, a Paris divorce has separated these two, and the first-act curtain rises on a most amusing society house party in Westchester, to which an exceedingly vigorous and entertaining old lady who bears a perilous resemblance to Amy Lowell, has invited a group of people of whose sense of humor and ability to entertain she is quite sure, but into whose morals she has preferred not to inquire. On this house party, Kitty Brown, having left her two children in New York for the week-end, discovers her erstwhile husband about to break up the engagement of a flapper to a perfectly nice but fairly ineffective boy. To her surprise she finds that she has been invited by the hostess in order to seduce her erstwhile husband away from the flapper—a job which, considering the past, she looks on as slightly difficult.

The mere fact, however, that she pays no attention to him produces the exact effect which the hostess had wished for. For Kitty so infernally attracts every other man on the house party, that her husband is fascinated and enraged — with the result that practically all the gentlemen of the household gather on her balcony after midnight, each one with not the slightest knowledge that the other one was coming; and this party is interrupted by the flapper, whose faith in her Don Juan—otherwise Mr. Brown—is completely shattered. And the whole truth is forced at last to the top, with the inevitable happy ending.

THE ALMOST Parisian frankness of modern New York society is excellently presented, yet the truths about love and hope and the ideal of fidelity which seem to inhabit the human heart in every society are never lost sight of. Particularly clear is the picture she gives of the danger society runs when two people who think they are disillusioned by the failure of their marriage prey upon the emotions of others, in a sort of blind effort to forget their own unhappiness, without realizing that they are perhaps playing the devil with the lives of the people with whom they come in contact.

In all this, Miss Crothers is considerably assisted by Francine Larrimore—whom we are frank to confess we never liked before, but who, in this instance, does an almost perfect piece of acting.

One has only to compare the society Miss Crothers depicts in "Let Us Be Gay" with that which appears in "The Age of Innocence" to get a very clear idea of the tremendous change which has taken place in the last forty years in society's attitude toward marriage and divorce and the happiness of the individual. To judge from these two plays certainly, the conventions may have lost ground in these last decades, but truth and frankness have taken a considerable stride forward.

Our Own Theatre Guide

Caprice. GUILD. Highly intelligent and entertaining comedy of the emotions; Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne give almost flawless performances.

The Perfect Alibi. CHARLES HOPKINS. The perfect detective play.

Little Accident. AMBASSADOR. Deftly acted, excellently written comedy; the love story of two very modern young people with clashing ideas.

Strange Interlude. JOHN GOLDEN. O'Neill's finest drama which you've all heard about by this time.

The Kingdom of God. ETHEL BARRYMORE THEATRE. Ethel Barrymore's triumph.

The Front Page. TIMES SQUARE. Humor, drama and thrills in a newspaper press room.

The Age of Innocence. EMPIRE. A complete picture of social ideas sixty years ago; and Katherine Cornell.

Street Scene. PLAYHOUSE. Realistic tragedy in a broken-down brownstone front somewhere in Manhattan.

Cyrano de Bergerac. HAMPDEN. Walter Hampden in a popular revival.

Serena Blandish. MOROSCO. A fabulous comedy which relates the adventures of a young lady on matrimony bent.

Meet the Prince. LYCEUM. Reviewed in this issue.

Let Us Be Gay. LITTLE THEATRE. Reviewed in this issue.

Paris. MUSIC BOX. Ordinary farce much enlivened by Irene Bordoni.

Holiday. PLYMOUTH. Sparkling drawing-room comedy about people who have more money than they want.

Gypsy. KLAW. Claiborne Foster in what the program calls a play about a girl with a gypsy heart.

With Music

Show Boat. ZIEGFELD. Still the best in town; romance, exquisite settings and music to match.

This Year of Grace. SELWYN. Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward in a thoroughly delightful London revue.

Three Cheers. GLOBE. Will Rogers at his best, pinch-hitting for Fred Stone.

Whoopee. NEW AMSTERDAM. Eddie Cantor and Ziegfeld settings.

Follow Thru. CHANIN. An attractive lot of youthful entertainers will make you have a grand time along with them; very casually about golf.

The Red Robe. SHUBERT. Stanley Weyman's book all over again with some very fair music.

Hold Everything. BROADHURST. Everybody likes this.

Animal Crackers. 44TH STREET. The Marx Brothers as funny as ever, but not much else.

New Moon. IMPERIAL. Another good costume musical show.

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Look Behind the Front

By FREDERICK L. SMITH, JR.

The speakeasy, that tight little bonanza of the early Volstead era, has run foul of the usual economic difficulties of merchandising. At least that is the situation as Mr. Smith finds it in Detroit, where ten to twenty thousand speakeasy proprietors find competition seriously cutting profits. Unable to afford protection, these latter-day tradesmen have now resorted to disguise

IN THE same block as my office building, an ancient rookery adjacent to the financial district, there are seven blind pigs; not an unusual circumstance and one that may be observed in almost any large American city. Occasionally I look down into the alley and see a truckload of Canadian beer being transferred, case by case, into the emporium of Mr. Joseph Schultz, a modest shop in the corner of the building directly beneath my quarters. I know Mr. Schultz and hence am not deceived by the camouflage under which he conducts his business. To the general public, he represents himself as agent for the Acacia Tool & Machine Company. There is a sign over his door to that effect, and gold lettering on the plate-glass window. Mr. Schultz or one of his lieutenants sits at a desk near the door, ostensibly to welcome prospective purchasers of Acacia tools. The Acacia Tool & Machine company is a purely mythical corporation, but occasionally some guileless citizen insists upon buying mechanical equipment from Mr. Schultz. Such customers are politely informed that the company is neither marketing its product nor taking orders at the present time, and speedily shown to the door. Clients known to Mr. Schultz, and others presenting the proper identification and credentials, are ushered through a sliding panel in the rear of the office into a commodious apartment where the Acacia Tool & Machine Company supplies anything from a brandy straight to a hot Tom and Jerry.

Across the street from my office and two flights up is the plant of the Nixon Lamp Company, makers of assorted chandeliers and fixtures. There is no sign on the door, and you may wander in vain up and down a dismal corridor searching for it. Sitting in a chair at the end of the hall, you will discover a burly gentleman of evil countenance which even a pink silk shirt, gray fedora hat and flawlessly tailored black and white checks cannot offset. You ask him the whereabouts of the Nixon Lamp Company. If he knows you, he smiles amiably, and unlocks a heavy metal-sheathed door which you may have passed without noticing, and there you are in the Nixon Lamp Company's plant, with bottles everywhere but not a lamp in sight. If you are a stranger with honest commercial intentions, he will insist that you have come to the wrong address.

Three of the dispensaries in my immediate vicinity are cigar stands which make no attempt to deceive even the most unpracticed eye. One of them is so brazen that its proprietor actually refuses to sell tobacco to unsuspecting customers. A woman of my acquaintance naïvely visited this establishment and requested a carton of cigarettes. The man behind the counter seized her by the arm and led her to the door. She protested, but in vain.

"Listen," said the proprietor, "you look a lot like a lady dick and we don't want none of your kind round here."

One of the remaining speakeasies is a self-service lunch where strong potions are supplied to trustworthy customers in opaque mugs; the other masquerades as a fountain pen repair shop where never pen has been repaired or ever will be. I cite these instances, several out of hundreds, to illustrate some of the wiles of the retail bootlegging trade. Unquestionably, the majority of them are very transparent and fool nobody, but many of the devices employed by contemporary saloonists to conceal the real nature of their business are so fantastic as to present an interesting study, leaving aside, of course, any moral or legal considerations.

BOOTLEGGING, notably the retail end of things, has undergone one of the processes to which virtually every form of lucrative commercial enterprise is subject; that is, the sources of distribution to the ultimate consumer have increased to the point where the profit of the individual distributor is greatly lessened. The result is fierce competition and nowhere is competition fiercer than in the retailing of bootleg liquor. In my own city, for example, the number of blind pigs has been variously estimated at from 10,000 to 20,000. I should say the former was a conservative figure. There is, in other words, one speakeasy to every 150 inhabitants, and obviously any retail enterprise with so limited a clientele can hardly be termed a bonanza, even though it does dispense whiskey at fifty cents a drink and beer at seventy-five cents a glass.

The overhead involved in operating a blind pig is really appalling. Since a speakeasy proprietor is an unreliable tenant who may be compelled to vacate without warning, he must pay a ruinous rental, and in advance; no refund is forthcoming should the law force him to flee the premises. My friend Joe Schultz assures me that before he can open a new establishment he must "make connections" to the tune of $8,000 or $10,000, or things will be very uncomfortable for him. Mr. Schultz's arrangements are such that he is never personally apprehended in the event of a "pinch;" one of his satellites, usually the barman, bears the brunt. But Joe does not escape all responsibility, for he must pay his employee's fine (it has amounted to $3,000 in a single year) and if the man is sent to jail, he is obliged to continue his salary plus $300 a month and a bonus of $300 when he is released.

THESE figures are typical and represent the experience of a number of saloonists with whom I am acquainted. Joe informs me that his present business has actually netted him less during the past two years than the modest tavern he operated in the pre-Volstead era did over a similar period. Excessive overhead and diversion of business by more speakeasies than the traffic will bear, he cites as responsible. That running a blind pig is not as profitable an enterprise as generally supposed is born out by the fact that an astonishing number of bootleggers have withdrawn from the field solely because the rewards are not consistent with the risk and investment involved. If prices to the ultimate consumer are high, so are the costs of beverages to the distributor, and if the speakeasy owner would continue in business with even the

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slightest assurance of security, he must "come across" to the proper persons on a most exorbitant scale.

To the most casual observer, it must be quite evident that the retail branch of the bootleg industry is overmanned in almost every large American city, with consequent distress to the individual proprietor. The result, as I have said, is fierce competition. Not enough speakeasies are eliminated by the Federal agents to lessen the congestion and benefit the business as a whole, and hence it devolves upon each saloonist to fight his own battle as best he can.

THIS overcrowding of a once enormously profitable field makes the returns of the average speakeasy proprietor comparatively modest. Since he cannot afford the necessary protection money, he must resort to strategy. Generally speaking, it is very inept indeed, but even so it adds a picturesque note which otherwise might be lacking to many a drab metropolis.

A certain blind pig proprietor in my own city, doubtless inspired by the success of the chain store system, conceived the idea of applying similar tactics to retail bootlegging. He rented several small shops in the downtown area and fitted them out to resemble laundry agencies; a tiny office in front with a counter and shelves where the "lookout" was stationed, and in the rear a commodious bar screened from the public's gaze by deal paneling. The windows were decorated with broad bands of blue bearing a hand laundry sign, and so realistic was the general effect that unsuspecting customers proved a source of considerable embarrassment. It became necessary to accept laundry as a regular adjunct of bootlegging, and almost before he realized it, the proprietor had a thriving side-line on his hands. He farmed out the laundry concession, and even the fact that numerous patrons entered his establishments to re-appear several hours later with a decided list seemed to arouse no troublesome suspicions. Within several years, the originator of this scheme has expanded his interests, until the blue hand laundry sign that signifies good cheer to the knowing ones has become something of a civic landmark.

A chain of speakeasies camouflaged as drug stores also flourished for a considerable period. These institutions carried a remarkably complete line of drugs and sundries, and to all intents and purposes, the manager of each was a competent pharmacist. Clients in good standing were accustomed to ask for a prescription, whereupon they were admitted to the dispensing laboratory in the rear. This scheme worked admirably until sounds of merriment issuing from the prescription room gave it away and the authorities promptly padlocked several of the city's most popular pharmacies.

Some time ago, an acquaintance of mine applied to his purveyor for a brand of liquor not easily obtainable even in pre-prohibition days. The bootlegger in question could not supply it, but he kindly offered to introduce his client to fellow tradesmen who might have the desired article in stock. They set forth together, and in the course of two blocks visited no less than fifteen speakeasies. It was a novel experience for my friend and he made a mental note of each successive port of call. His itinerary included three radio stores, two barber shops, a cleaning and dyeing establishment, a harness maker's, a bowling alley, a fruit stand, two tobacco shops, a beauty parlor, a tire repair shop, a photographer's studio and a second-hand bookstore. I believe that he ultimately secured the necessary beverage from one of the tobacconists, but the conspicuous feature of his excursion lay in the fact that it involved calling upon the supposed representatives of eleven different trades and professions.

TWO SWARTHY and very dapper gentlemen occupied chairs next to mine at a lunch counter the other day. I could not help overhearing their conversation.

"It's one of the nicest little stores downtown," said one of them, "right on the corner of Maxwell and Dane. The alley runs up to the back door and we can unload easy. Everything will be jake."

A week or so later, I stood on the corner of Maxwell and Dane Streets and looked at the "little store" in question. Once a shoe-shining stand, it had been converted into a wall-paper shop. A solitary roll of hideous flowered pattern was carelessly unfurled in the window, and save for an empty showcase, the interior of the establishment was as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

I told the proprietor I was interested in looking at wall-paper samples.

"G'wan," he said, "quit kiddin' me. Step inside and get what you want. You look all right." He unlocked a narrow door in the tell-tale pine paneling.

The teaming and trucking business seems to be a favorite disguise for retail liquor shops. I do not know why, unless this particular type of saloonist was originally recruited from the draymen's ranks and entertains tender sentiments toward his erstwhile profession. Radio stores abound in which there is much more than meets the eye; in examining some twenty of these, I have discovered the average stock in trade to consist of one loudspeaker of ancient and obsolete design, half a dozen vacuum tubes, and several coils of copper wire. Sound business policy would dictate a generous assortment of salable radio supplies, if adequate camouflage is the object in view, but it is too expensive. If a blind pig operator cannot afford the price of protection from the powers, neither can he afford the cost of elaborate deception.

WITHIN a half mile of my home I have run across more than twenty speakeasies wholly by accident. They operate under an engaging variety of disguises; a bakery where one may obtain a superb glass of lager, a dry cleaning and pressing establishment where a solid phalanx of garments in the window effectively conceals the festivities within, a dozen or so cigar shops where cigars are grudgingly sold, a vegetarian restaurant, and a real estate office.

Once, when in distress, I visited a tire shop, and was told to be on my way; and there is a gasoline station in my neighborhood dispensing other volatile distillations besides petroleum products.

I doubt whether the merchandising activities of any commercial enterprise involve such extraordinary practices as those of the retail bootleg industry; it is a fascinating and colorful picture, and disregarding its moral and legal aspects, something for the observant citizen to contemplate. These are bitter days for the average retail bootlegger compared to the prosperity which he once knew; the ranks are overcrowded, and like the corner groceryman and the neighborhood hardware dealer, he sees competition grow keener year by year. His only hope, if he cannot arrange for consideration at the hands of the law, lies in subterfuge. It is, as I have suggested, very clumsy in nine cases out of ten, but once in a while there are flashes of genius. I have in mind the gifted saloonist who attracts the more perceptive customers to his emporium by this modest sign above his door: "Plastering Neatly Done Here."

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

"Hearts in Dixie"

A CULLUD boy bearing the suggestive name of Stepin Fetchit heads the cast of this all-talking vignette of negro life. Among several adroit performances his stands out as the best, because he has about as neat a sense of comedy as we have ever observed.

When Br'er Fetchit is on on the scene with his outrageous viewpoint and bum feet, "Hearts in Dixie" struts along like a number from "Blackbirds," but when Mr. Paul Sloane, who directed, gets himself involved with the pathos of the colored race, everything slows up perceptibly. Despite this, we liked the picture for its skilful settings, fine recording and undoubted novelty.

Walter Weems has written a sympathetic story and one that bristles with good lines and typical situations and it wasn't his fault that the heart interest portions were too long drawn out.

We, personally, can't get enough of negro entertainment and we say without reservation that "Hearts in Dixie" provides as good an aggregation of dark-skinned joy-provokers as you'll see anywhere in the land.

"The Wolf Song"

THERE is no talking in this picture—not a word. There is singing, instead, largely by Lupe Velez, who used to be a musical comedy actress in Mexico before she hit Hollywood.

This singing is of the umpty ta-ta, or Spanish, variety, and gets pretty monotonous before long. Since the story that goes with it isn't really a story at all, but just a rather inconclusive episode, one wonders just why it was thought proper to exploit "The Wolf Song" as a great feature attraction while such excellent pictures as "Shopworn Angel," "The Water Hole" and "The Case of Lena Smith" are exhibited as mere program fillers.

If one gets wondering *too* much on this point, one can always fall back on the embittering reflection that Mr. Adolf Zukor knows an awful lot more about what the public really wants than we do. The public has exhibited a firm desire to attend motion pictures having hotsy-totsy Spanish mamas, like Lupe Velez, in them, and strong, silent heroes like Gary Cooper. Granted, say we, as long as they're really hot, really strong and mostly silent.

"The South Pole"

A RECORD is here presented of the activities of Capt. Sir Hubert Wilkins when he was cameraman to the Shackleton South Pole Expedition. It was as a cameraman that Wilkins got his start as an explorer. He went with Stefansson on his Arctic expedition of 1914 as cameraman, though he soon rose to a post of command. And previous to that time he had taken shots of the fighting in the Balkan War of 1912 from an airplane, the first man, so it is said, to film battles from the air.

Sir Hubert showed the same resourcefulness and push as a motion-picture photographer that he has subsequently displayed as an explorer in his own right. He got many good shots of Antarctic scenery and of the wild creatures, such as seals, killer whales, penguins and gulls, that infest the lower latitudes. Unfortunately for the artistic balance of the picture, the persons who are now exhibiting it have made too strenuous an attempt to tie it in with the current expeditions of Byrd and Wilkins. This procedure has resulted in making of the film a sort of hodge-podge of fact and guesswork that, in these days of authentic and exciting travel pictures, leaves one curiously unsatisfied. But the penguin pictures are good, the nesting gull is amusing, and there is a picture and an account of Capt. L. E. G. Oates, the bravest man that ever lived.

Our Own Movie Guide

Largely Talking

The Broadway Melody: The best talkie yet, with excellent dialogue and a real performance by Bessie Love.

The Singing Fool: Great earfuls of AL JOLSON.

My Man. Great dittoes of FANNIE BRICE.

In Old Arizona: Very highly recommended.

Interference: A smooth, skilful piece of work.

On Trial: We liked this one immensely.

The Wolf of Wall Street: Good dialogue, good recording and GEORGE BANCROFT'S incredible acting.

The Doctor's Secret: Having been written by BARRIE and adapted by WILLIAM DE MILLE, it should be better.

Weary River: RICHARD BARTHELMESS turns out to be quite an actor, singer and piano-player.

The Barker: Fifty-fifty: talking, silent, good and bad.

Alias Jimmy Valentine: See above.

Largely Silent

The Iron Mask: A DOUG FAIRBANKS picture. Marvelous!

Sins of the Fathers: JANNINGS is awfully good.

The Patriot: JANNINGS is even better than that.

Shopworn Angel: A splendid picture, with NANCY CARROLL and GARY COOPER and PAUL LUKAS.

A Romance of the Underworld: One of the best.

A Woman of Affairs: GRETA GARBO and JOHN GILBERT trying to get something out of a Green Hat.

The Rescue: RONALD COLMAN does fine work.

The Flying Fleet: We liked it better than "Wings."

The Case of Lena Smith: JOSEPH VON STERNBURG'S direction.

True Heaven: A war story, done with rubber stamps.

"The Redeeming Sin"

THIS DEPARTMENT alleges that it has been pretty generally pro-Warner Brothers. And with good reason, for the Warner Brothers have made some valuable contributions to the cinema art and will, we hope and believe, make many more.

When, however, the Warner Brothers foist on a friendly and unsuspecting public such a raueously bad picture as "The Redeeming Sin," what are their well-wishers among the critical fraternity to do? The answer is all too plain. The boys should be walloped, to the fullest possible extent, and the public informed that accidents will happen, even in the best-regulated filmeries.

There are three reasons, none of them any good, why you might wish to see "The Redeeming Sin." Number one is the lovely, irregular profile of Dolores Costello; Number two, the presence of Conrad Nagel; and Number Three, you may enjoy laughing at things that aren't supposed to be funny.

This is all we have to say, and it hurts us more than it will probably hurt the Warner Brothers.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

St. Francis in Devonshire

The Pathway. By HENRY WILLIAMSON: Dutton.

ONE OF the emotions always aroused by the biography of a saint is sympathy for his relatives. One pities the bewilderment of Pietro Bernardone when his son, who had been a promising salesman, made off with a bolt of the best stuff to give to the poor, and of Mona Pica when she saw the same youth, who had been the play-boy of Assisi, begging at the kitchen doors of his former companions. Even that other lad who ran away from His parents to argue with the doctors in the temple has always seemed to us, at that point, a very trying child. So our feelings about Henry Williamson's saint are mixed. Not so our admiration for the skill with which he has created him. To make a saint live in fiction is almost as hard as to raise him up in flesh and blood. And Will Maddison, of "The Pathway," is a bright reality, an authentic passionate mystic, and a truly Christ-like man. He falls far short of his great model only in lacking sympathy for his fallible fellows. All his pity is for birds and beasts. But Mr. Williamson, himself, has supplied that lack. Viewing all his characters objectively, he has made his hero all the more real by refusing to take his part against the world. His compassion is fairly divided between the militant saint and the gentle sinners, who entertained him unawares.

There is no story in "The Pathway" which can be retold. There are no events in it beyond the homely ones of every-day life, no action other than the pressure of one character and one ideal upon another. Will Maddison comes one night as a stranger into the household of Mrs. Ogilvie, in an old manor on the North Devon coast. The opening scene, masterly in description, dialogue and characterization, sets the key for the book. Jean, one Ogilvie daughter, has brought Maddison in, Mary, the other, gathers him to her heart. Mrs. Ogilvie, a widow still mourning her son killed in the war, accepts him merely out of courtesy; old Squire Chychester, with reservations; ancient deaf Miss Chychester takes him in as she does all helpless things; Ben, the lad, eyes him furtively. And these characters, with some added ones, watch, question, suspect or accept him carelessly, according to their several natures, throughout the book, until he goes away again to his death.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms, Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co..
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd;
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company.

Fiction

The Bishop Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner. Philo Vance (by the Well-Dressed Man out of Noah Webster) and the long-suffering police solve some mathematical murders. Reviewed last week.

Mamba's Daughters, by Du Bose Heyward: Doubleday, Doran. A rich melodramatic story, the contrast of old and new Charleston and two memorable negro characters make this an interesting and moving novel.

Joseph and His Brethren, by H. W. Freeman: Holt. Lovers of the great tradition in English fiction should not miss this story of a Sussex farm. Reviewed Jan. 16.

The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig: Viking Press. Generally considered the best novel of the war. The story of a Russian prisoner and the lives on which his life impinged.

Peder Victorious, by O. E. Rolvaag: Harper. Peder and his indomitable mother, Beret; the conflict of American ideas and Norwegian culture in Dakota in an excellent novel.

Non-Fiction

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

The Magic Island, by W. B. Seabrook: Harcourt, Brace. We hear that this vivid account of voodoo in Haiti should be taken with a grain of salt. It is lively reading for all that.

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

Rasputin, by R. Fulop-Miller: Viking Press. The lurid story of the last evil genius of czarist Russia. Reviewed November 14.

Strange Interlude, by Eugene O'Neill: Liveright. O'Neill dresses the Shakespearian soliloquy in clothes designed by Freud.

Maddison is the complete idealist, singularly ineffectual in a practical world. He lacks that quality which we call a sense of proportion, and which may be only our excuse for indifference. We pride ourselves, as do the characters in "The Pathway," upon moderation in all things, balance: as though it were better for a picayune nature to teeter delicately upon the scales of life against picayune circumstance than for a fanatic, charged with a mission, to crash down into infinity while events go hurtling up into emptiness. Perhaps it is. Maddison lived more largely than did the good people upon whose lives his life touched, but when he had gone things were the same at Wildernesse as they had been before. Even Mary who loved but could not understand him was not changed. She could not forsake duty to follow him, and duty well done sustained her.

The characters in "The Pathway" are admirably developed and appealing. We were particularly drawn to Jean, the victim of repression, to Garside, the earnest, unimaginative vicar, to Mules, the delicious yokel, and to the dogs. Not many dog-loving writers can get their pets into print. Williamson can. His book would be worth reading just for the dogs in it.

It is fitting that Dutton, who publishes the works of Henry C. Tracy, one of the best American nature writers, should have the privilege of introducing Williamson to American readers. In "Tarka, the Otter," his book about Dartmoor, and in "The Pathway," Williamson steps firmly into Hudson's shoes. His originality of imagination, his feeling for landscape, atmosphere, wild creatures and all the mystery of nature is exquisite and he interprets and transmits it in beautiful prose. Williamson will not be a best-selling author, but we advise first-edition collectors to consider him. His work is of the sort likely to endure. And we commend "The Pathway" to those of our readers who know a fine book from a commonplace one.

The Week's Reading

The Cradle of the Deep. By JOAN LOWELL: Simon and Schuster. Published March 7.

THIS IS a picturesque and salty tale of the girl who was taken by her father aboard his sailing vessel at the age of eleven months and brought up at sea. It purports to be autobiographical. The selecting committee of the Book of the Month Club in sending it to the sub-

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scribers assures them that they need not worry about it as a work of art. If even partly true, the experiences of "Joan Lowell" are unique. A young woman who can "spit a curve in the wind," swear with any stevedore, who held a sailor while his arm was amputated with a razor, witnessed childbirth on a South Sea island, was walloped by her father daily from infancy to maturity and learned not to cry when she is hurt or squeal when she is caught, must always be a curiosity in our society. And a young woman who could think up all these things and write about them with humor and little affectation of naïveté must always be a popular raconteuse. While one may question the judgment of a committee which assumes, rightly or wrongly, the position of arbiter of reading taste in choosing so trifling a book for its disciples, one must admit that, hoax or not, "The Cradle of the Deep" is amusing. "Joan Lowell" can sit right down by the creek with "Noah and Jonah and Cap'n John Smith," swap as tall a yarn and spit with the best of them.

Plain People. By E. W. Howe: Dodd, Mead. Published March 8.

Recently we saw a receipt for the cooking of brook trout which required that that excellent fish, once cleaned, be rubbed inside with anchovy and onion, covered with puff-paste, baked and served with a sauce made of shrimps, cheese and pickles. Such treatment of the most succulent of plain foods is not unlike that which our novelists incline to give our plain people. In the world of literature where nothing may be as it seems it is like a breath of fresh air to read Ed Howe's autobiography. An ideal rather than a typical American, himself, he has lived always amidst typical Americans, and it is a useful thing to read what he has to say about them, because he is a man of perfect good sense and perfect honesty. One does not always agree with him, he carries quite a few of what we have learned to call "Puritan" prejudices. But one knows that he always means what he says and talks not at all for effect. A Middle Westerner all through, stanch, forthright, concentrated, born in 1853, he has seen much happen and having lived always in the same neighborhood he has restricted himself to a small sphere and learned to know it so thoroughly that he makes a world of it. He reminds us not a little of Will Rogers.

Unknown Lands. By Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Translated by Arthur Livingston: Dutton.

On a canvas three thousand miles broad and as tall as the world's most famous explorer, Blasco Ibañez, spreads this posthumously published historical novel. It begins well enough with an account of the feverish days in Cordoba and in Palos when Columbus's expedition was in its infancy. Here one senses the true inspiration in the ignorant navigator who, believing Cathay and Cipango lay only seven hundred leagues west of Europe, sailed considerably farther and discovered a new continent. Thus far the novelist deals with a personality. Once the three tiny ships set sail, he allows his chief character to become a typical adventurer on a typical adventure. Columbus is fascinating in his supreme self-confidence, but as "Admiral of the Ocean Sea and Viceroy of all New Found Lands" he is a very dull person.

Jacket design from "Daughter of Earth" by Agnes Smedley (Coward-McCann)

The love story, which the author occasionally remembers, is impossible and unsatisfactory. Even such a rare idea as that of a girl disguised as her lover's brother can be carried too far; furthermore, and justly, readers of romantic fiction like to know that the hero and heroine, whom they have been weeping over and praying for, live happily ever after. The author has not taken full account of his duties as novelist.

Only in incidental passages devoted to the Inquisition (and once each to a violent storm and to an ordinary sea-sickness) does the expected descriptive power materialize.

J. Dana Tasker.

Lamiel. By Stendhal. Translated by Jacques Le Clercq: Brentano.

It is likely that Stendhal would smile could he read the translator's preface to his last book, the unfinished "Lamiel." He would be amused by the shrewd praise which claims him as romanticist, realist, psychologist and then presents him on his own merits—for *debunking* is exactly the point of all this categorical discussion. Yes, the genuinely sophisticated Stendhal would smile at the idea of bothering to define his work at all, let alone so finitely. (He once said that he wrote for an odd hundred people of whom he knew only one or two.) His method, so far as he has one, is to observe the individual as part of the milieu, to analyze the motives in a complex personality, and to allow the actions of the simple to describe themselves. By following these natural inclinations as a novelist, he wrote books of folio proportions, too large for the dusty shelves expressly designed for octavo volumes of this and that separate literary movement.

In its incomplete form this particular novel leaves much to be desired. The full possibilities of the delightfully curious peasant girl, Lamiel, and of the setting, Paris and the Provinces in 1830, are by no means exhausted.

> "Embrace me," she said (resolved to know what love really was.)
> Then, without passion, without

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love, the young Norman made of Lamiel his mistress.

"Is there nothing else?" she asked. Then she burst into laughter as she repeated: "What? This love they all talk about: is that all there is to it?"

Where else in literature is there such a picture of intelligent naïveté? And it goes without saying that Stendhal, the stylist, has added wit and charm to the intimate candor of his principal characterization; while by way of contrast he has provided an abundance of vain and stupid men. Unfinished though it is, the book offers ample evidence of its author's skill and puts to shame countless contemporary efforts uninterrupted (alas!) by death.

J. Dana Tasker.

Peach Blossom. By Hugo Wast. Translated by Herman and Miriam Hespelt: Longmans, Green.

"Peach Blossom" is a thematic story dealing with the injustice of the moral relations between rich people and the peasant class. From the standpoint of narrative it is slow-moving and uninteresting, but as an abstract philosophical discussion of the question it is not entirely without merit. Still it is not as dramatic as it should be under the circumstances. However trite the subject—a peasant girl seduced by a rich young man and subsequently spurned by her fiancé and her father—it is one with all sorts of dramatic possibilities, and they are not very well exploited in this book. It has a slight intellectual appeal but practically none to the emotions. The dialogue is also stilted and forced, but this may be partly due to the difficulty of translating Spanish idioms.

Milton Byron.

The Disinherited. By Milton Waldman: Longmans, Green.

Here is a well thought out, clearly expressed, worth while and plausible statement of the problem of the high-class American Jew in fiction form. It concerns a successful lawyer of about forty who, although of Jewish extraction, has always thought of himself and been accepted as a Gentile. His friends, social position, outlook, everything, are distinctly non-Jewish. Suddenly he realizes that he is fundamentally a Jew, and he tries to sponsor the Jewish cause and still retain his former associations. The facts that contribute to the sudden awakening of his faith, and the difficulties that he encounters in trying to reconcile the two different social factions make an absorbing and poignant narrative. The difference between "kikes" and Jews, as well as the indignities the latter are obliged to suffer in American life, are clearly shown and the subject, presented as it is, should be provocative of much thought and discussion.

Milton Byron.

Forthcoming Books

Dodsworth. By Sinclair Lewis: Harcourt, Brace. March 14.

The Modern Temper. By Joseph Wood Krutch: Harcourt, Brace. March 14.

Politics and Prisons. By Thomas Mott Osborne: Vanguard Press. March 14.

The Story of Superstition. By Philip F. Waterman: Knopf. March 15.

Judith Silver. By Hector Bolitho: Knopf. March 15.

The Devil Is a Woman. By Alice Mary Kimball: Knopf. March 15.

Dr. Johnson. By Christopher Hollis: Holt. March 15.

Characters and Meanings. By John Dewey: Holt. March 15.

Lion. By Martin Johnson: Putnam. March 15.

Queen Louise of Prussia. 1776-1810. By Gertrude Aretz: Putnam. March 15.

In the Land of Cockaigne. By Heinrich Mann: Macaulay. March 15.

The Insider. By Alice Beal Parsons: Dutton. March 15.

African Harvest. By Nora Stevenson: Ives, Washburn. March 15.

All in a Day. By Martin Armstrong: Harper. March 15.

The Golden Fleece. By John Gunther: Harper. March 15.

The Road to Oregon. By W. J. Ghent: Longmans, Green. March 15.

Pioneers of Freedom. By McAlister Coleman: The Vanguard Press. Published March 7.

According to the publicity sheet from the Vanguard Press, the author of "Pioneers of Freedom" is under indictment for picketing during a recent West Virginia strike. The views with which he expresses sympathy in his interesting little book, are akin to the ones which brought him into that conflict, and are the ones for which the subjects of his biographical sketches were called, in their day, radicals. By the suffrage of most progressive citizens all these "dangerous radicals" are great liberal leaders, now. Mr. Coleman's papers, by design or not, are admirably adapted to the reading of young people. They are simply written, fresh in spirit, warm and free from the tricks of much current biography. Because the longer a man has been dead, the easier he is to write about, the first sketches on Paine, Jefferson and Wendell Phillips are the best. The one on Altgeld fails to convey the inspiration that it might and should, and those on Debs and Steinmetz are a little sentimental. But on the whole, they do a worthy job well, and are entirely readable.

The following books published within the last month are among those received too late for detailed review.

The Motives of Proteus. By Jose E. Rodo: Brentano.

This book, translated by Angel Flores and with an introduction by Havelock Ellis, has been for some time known to readers of Spanish. Rodó was a noted Uruguayan philosopher, and the breadth of his vision is expressed in this book. "Self renewal is life and Proteus is the symbol of eternal change. Rodó was a critic of great insight; a writer of distinguished prose, and a man who tried unceasingly to cultivate a sense of value in the modern mind. He was the subject of an article by Lloyd Morris, published in the Outlook, December 13, 1922.

Presidents I've Known and Two Near Presidents. By Charles Willis Thompson: Bobbs-Merrill.

This interesting book by a journalist who has been for thirty years in close touch with politics throws a bright light on the personalities of our Presidents since McKinley and upon Hanna and Bryan.

Incentives to Study. A Survey of Student Opinion. By Albert Beecher Crawford: Yale University Press.

This discussion of such problems as: What is the real purpose of a college education? What processes might improve the student's adjustment to the

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college situation and to the world of affairs? What factors motivate students and to what is a certain apathy among students attributable? How shall methods of admission be improved? and so forth, should be of great value to educators.

The Physical Basis of Society. By Carl Kelsey: Appleton.

The theme of this book is the relationship between man and nature, the ways in which man is influenced by the world about him and the ways in which he modifies the world by his activities. The author is head of the department of Sociology at the University of Pennsylvania.

America's Ambassadors to England, 1785-1929. By Beckles Willson: Stokes.

These are interesting character sketches of our thirty-eight envoys to England and, incidentally, they give a narrative history of Anglo-American diplomatic relations. Colonel Willson has had access to many confidential sources.

Black America. By Scott Nearing: Vanguard Press.

This is an exhaustive study of the negro's life and work by a man distinguished for his fearlessness and for the ardor with which he embraces unpopular causes.

Queen Cleopatra. By Talbot Mundy: Bobbs-Merrill.

This is a biographical novel, panoramic in scope, written by a man who knows his subject thoroughly. His character studies are interesting, and his historical setting exceptionally rich. The story is exciting.

Pale Warriors. By David Hamilton: Scribner.

The story of a woman without scruples and with a genius for escapades.

Dynasty. By Clarence Buddington Kelland. Harper.

A romance of business, designed, according to the jacket, to serve as "an answer to 'Babbitt'."

The Talisman of Kubla Khan. By Mrs. Alfred Wingate: McBride.

This is another historical novel. Marco Polo at the court of the great Khan, his love-story and his friendship with the Khan provide the action; and the factual background is vivid and highly picturesque. This would be an excellent novel for high-school students.

Hobby House. By Russell Neale: Harper.

A story of the Ohio "river rats," a curious, wild group of people who live on the mud-flats along the river. The style is robust, and the story, which is quite short, absorbing.

These Are My Jewels. By L. B. Campbell: Norton.

The modern Cornelia, here, is a clubwoman, supposedly equipping her children for life and actually protecting them from it. It is an extremely short novel, written realistically and distinguished by sustained irony.

Plum Bun. By Jessie Redmon Fauset: Stokes.

This moving story of a near-white woman is written by a well-known negress. It is interesting, often disturbing and well-written.

Thumbcap Weir. By Frances Gillmor: Minton, Balch.

A simple story of the Bay of Fundy country, rich in local color.

Other Ways, Other Flesh. By Edith O'Shaughnessy: Harcourt, Brace.

These are charming sketches, stories of a few of the people who live in a little village in the Tyrol, written with great sympathy, and in a delightful effortless prose.

Mary, Queen of Scots. By Margarete Kurlbaum-Siebert. Translated by Mary A. Hamilton: Harcourt, Brace.

We could have wished that Strachey's intuition, brilliance and precision and not Margarete Siebert's Teutonic thoroughness and sentimentality had been focused upon Mary Stuart. A book which promises much by its careful documentation and dramatic approach should have been more interesting. But probably Mary Stuart was too much the epitome of femininity to be a good subject for a woman biographer. Maurice Hewlett got her very vividly into "The Queen's Quair," a novel, and Drinkwater at least felt her in his play.

Margarete Siebert writes of Mary's life from the time she arrived in Scotland after the death of her royal French husband, until her flight from Lochleven into England. Thus she avoids the French period of her life which was a passive one when she was only an important and brilliant child used as a pawn by statesmen; and also the period of her imprisonment with its many unsolved questions of conspiracy and betrayal. Margarete Siebert shows considerable understanding of the appalling task which greeted Mary when she returned to Scotland to reign, and of the wisdom and courage with which she approached it. But very little of Mary's charm, which was a powerful weapon in her hands and became a boomerang, has found its way into the book. To understand Mary Stuart one has to understand her times and her enemies—John Knox, the Scottish lords, and the English Queen. Margarete Siebert has done very well with her facts. She eschews psychological analysis, has no perceptible bias and draws no personal conclusions. Where action is concerned, her dramatic method is safe. When it comes to speech she is on dangerous ground. Dialogue and soliloquy in the mouths of historical personages is work for a great genius.

The Re-Discovery of America. by Waldo Frank: Scribner.

This was received too late for review upon publication date, but in view of its importance, it will be reviewed in the near future by Van Wyck Brooks.

The Goose Fair. By Cecil Roberts, was erroneously attributed to Appleton in the issue of February 13. Stokes publishes it.

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

C. J. S. Thompson's The Quacks of Old London Lippincott

As a study in the evolution of patent medicine, as well as of advertising, this book has considerable interest. The methods of appealing to the crowd are no different today than they were two or three hundred years ago, although legislation today in some measure protects the credulous from being too openly exploited. Some of the old London quacks even invented diseases—the glim'ring of the gizzard, the quavering of the kidneys, the wambling trot, the moon pall, the marthambles and the hockogrockles are a few of them—feeling that the man who invented the disease was surely the only one who could cure it. And marvelous are the cures. One man who had been struck

(Please Turn to Page 435)

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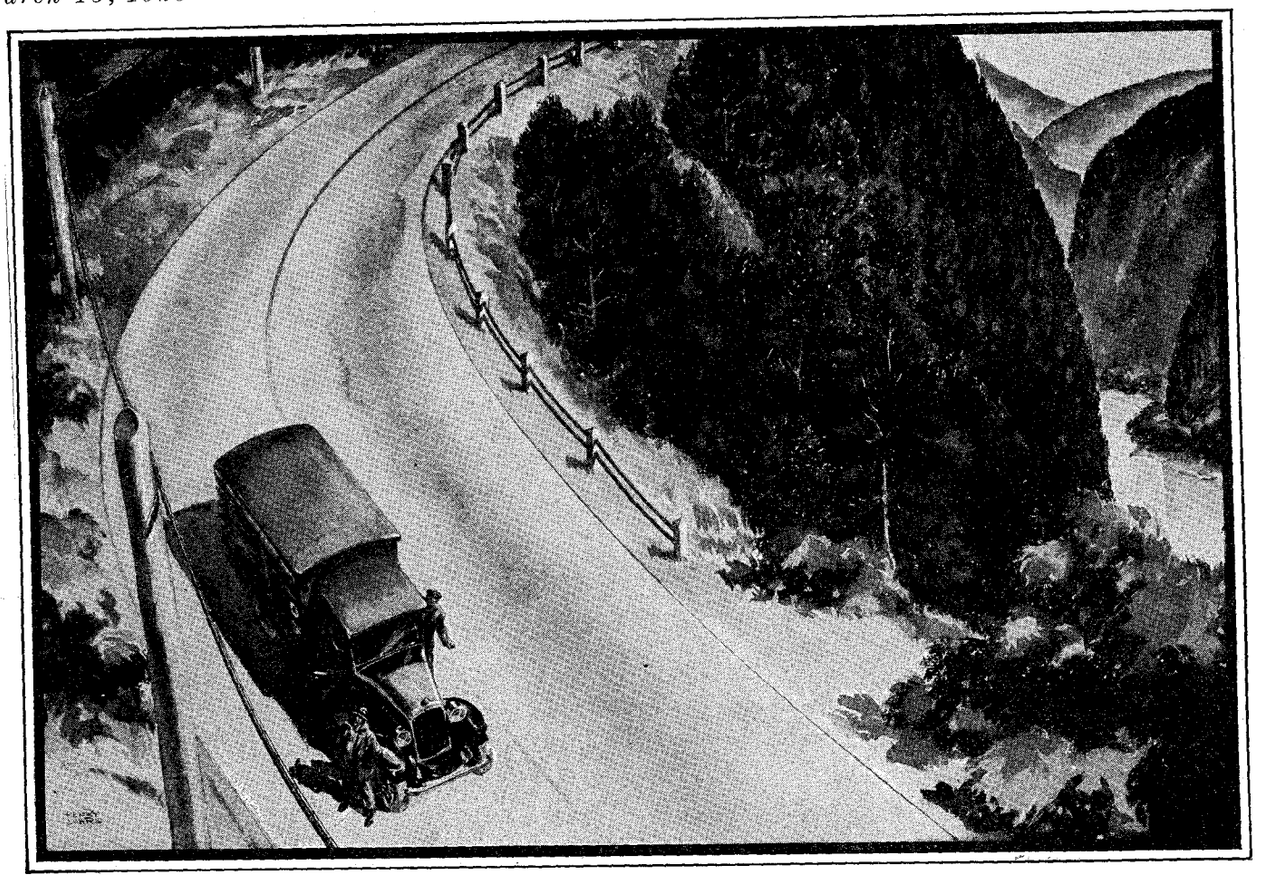

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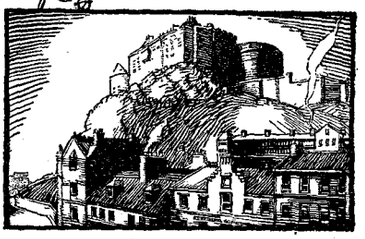

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Religion's Voice

As Heard in Recent Books

ALTHOUGH Einstein seems to be superseding Newton, the old formula that "action is equal to reaction, and in a contrary direction" is still an accurate description of the course of events. This is being demonstrated right now in the field of religion and ethics. For years religious beliefs, religious practices, religious organizations and the ethics sanctioned by them have been under devastating attack. They have all been condemned as illogical, unscientific and outgrown, unsuited to modern civilization. Scientists and philosophers have joined with Sunday Supplement writers to show the absurdity of all that the religious man believed and did. Up until quite recently, these men have had it all their way but now the spokesmen for the defense are beginning to be heard. And that defense is of a high order.

First of all there is A. S. Eddington, the physicist, who a few months ago in "The Nature of the Physical World" (Macmillan) pointed out the inadequacy of science to solve any of the ultimate problems. His book is simply one of several which are showing the bankruptcy of that mechanistic materialism which has been the creed of science and on the basis of which it has been bound to view religion as superstition. The basic science of physics, on which all the others are built, is now in process of withdrawing its moral opposition to God and human freedom, and the other great religious postulates. In a more popular manner, Harvey Wickham in "The Misbehaviorists" (Dial Press) last year hurled the shafts of ridicule upon those popular writers and lecturers who with a second-hand knowledge of science, scorn all cherished beliefs and conventional morality.

In the realm of morals three other books deserve notice. One of these is entitled, "Moral Adventure" (Macmillan), and is by that able thinker, Burnett Hillman Streeter, generally called "Canon Streeter." Canon Streeter courageously and sincerely meets the attacks now being made upon modern marriage and what we usually term "Christian morality." With full knowledge of the "new psychology," he champions the established code that sexual relations are morally objectionable except in a life-long monogamous marriage. This is one of the sanest and most convincing defenses of that code which has yet been made. A second book in this field is called "The Changing Family" (Harper). The author is George Walter Fiske of Oberlin and his book is the result of a scientific study made of suburban homes in a great American city. He believes that if the sociologists have nothing better to offer than companionate marriage, social science is close to bankruptcy. On the basis of his studies, the author concludes that vital religion can remake the home and readjust it to the needs of today. The families that are actually solving their problems are the religious families. This book abounds in workable suggestions of what men and women may do to make the family function wholesomely in modern machine society. The third book is in no sense polemic; it is not a defense of religion, but it assumes it and shows in detail just how it can aid us in our struggle for the most satisfying life. The title is "Methods of Private Religious Living" (Macmillan) and the author is Henry Nelson Wieman, of the University of Chicago. When any one asks "How shall I pray? How can religion help me right here in my matter of fact living?"—this book will answer. It does not deal in glittering and obscure generalities. It cites chapter and verse. But this book, too, is an effective reply to the adverse critics of religion.

IF THESE are not sufficient to show the trend, two more may be cited, both of them published in this new year. The first of these, "Frankness in Religion" (Macmillan), is by Robert J. Hutcheon, professor in Meadeville Theological School. The very title of the book shows its spirit. There is no attempt to gloss over the difficulties which beset the religious man in this modern day. It is written with a power and a sincerity which will merit respect even from the hostile critic of religion. There is a feast here for the honest doubter. The second, "A Wanderer's Way" (Henry Holt), by Charles E. Raven, Canon of Liverpool, is an account of a spiritual journey. With the greatest frankness, Canon Raven tells the story of his life, of how he gradually came to see the meaning of religion and the church. Alive to all the objections to the religious viewpoint which have been made with such power in recent years, the author shows step by step how he came to the certainty that God is, and is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him.

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As still further evidence of a more conservative appraisal of the church and its mission, I would point to a reaction in the field of religious education. In "The Psychology of Religious Awakening" (Macmillan) Elmer T. Clark, of George Peabody College for Teachers, after exhaustive case studies of the religious experience of hundreds of individuals selected so as to be really typical, concludes that religious education must have a fundamental philosophy of the Christian religion. He criticises kindly, but pointedly, the disproportionate emphasis upon method which religious education has made in recent years. There must be content as well as technique. In the author's words, "If religious education is to secure and maintain a rapport with the best of religious humanity, it must base itself in the Christian philosophy and reinterpret the doctrines there into its own terms."

We have been told that missionaries were merely emissaries of capitalism, that they were breaking down the social order and were in fact doing untold damage to the native people. Particularly have these things been said of the missionaries in China. There now comes an authoritative "History of Christian Missions in China" (Macmillan). The author is K. S. Latourette, of Yale University. After an eight-hundred-page survey of the whole field, the author concludes: "The historian does not cease to be impartial when he declares that the presence and the labors of the missionary were most fortunate for China. Defects the missionary enterprise undoubtedly had. Sometimes it did evil. On the whole, however, it was the one great agency whose primary function was to bring China into contact with the best in the Occident and to make the expansion of the West a means to the greater welfare of the Chinese people. If, when the Chinese have finally adjusted themselves and their culture to the new age, the revolution through which they shall have passed proves to have been more beneficial than harmful, it will be in no small degree because of the thousands of Christian apostles who counted not their own lives dear that to the Chinese might come more abundant life."

The above are only a few of the recent religious books which show this conservative trend. The pendulum is swinging—it even looks as if its speed were accelerating as it swings toward a more spiritual interpretation of the universe and human life. It turns out that old truth is still truth. Once more religion comes back.

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Banking Passes a Milestone

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE FIRST $2,000,000,000 bank has appeared in this country. Directors of the National Bank of Commerce and the Guaranty Trust Company have voted to merge these institutions. Total resources of $1,986,523,797 and capital funds of $176,672,339 were reported by the two at the close of business last year.

Its financial statement at the end of 1928, showing the National Bank of Commerce's resources to amount to $1,052,000,000, brought it for the first time within the ranks of the country's billion-dollar banks. The others were the National City and the Chase Banks of New York and the Continental Illinois Bank & Trust Company of Chicago. The National City, whose assets topped $1,500,000,000 according to its latest report, had been for some time the colossus in the field.

Just as the addition of a single digit to the figures of an individual's fortune is to him an important milestone in his financial progress, so the setting of a new mark of a million, a billion, or two billion dollars by various business organizations strikes the fancy of the public. Students of American finance, however, have realized that it was inevitable that our banking institutions should grow, and at a rapid rate. Banks, after all, are the handmaidens of business and industry and must follow their lead. Since railroads, industrial and public utility corporations have been growing bigger and bigger, banks have had to follow suit. It would have been entirely impossible for the institutions of ten years ago, which inspired as much awe as the National City and the Chase do today, to accommodate comfortably such giants as the General Motors Corporation, the General Electric Company, the United States Steel Corporation or even considerably smaller units.

Chronic viewers with alarm who may be tempted to worry over the effect on American society of such monsters may reassure themselves. Considering the country's prosperity and the immensity of its operations, our banks are still comparatively small. Even the new banking giant will still be smaller than London's Midland Bank and no larger than Lloyd's Bank. These and the other members of the British "Big Five"—Barclay's Bank, the Westminster Bank and the National Provincial Bank have branches all over the United Kingdom and completely overshadow all rival institutions. Congress is determined that there shall be nothing resembling a monopoly here and has so limited branch banking as to keep New York's, Chicago's and San Francisco's monsters from trying to crush competition in other States.

THE FINANCIAL COMMUNITY generally and traders in bank stocks particularly, nevertheless, assume that the great recent merger will be followed by many others. Since the announcement that the National Bank of Commerce and the Guaranty were to combine, bank stocks have been participating in a bull market "over the counter" much more exciting than any seen in rails, industrials or utilities on the Stock Exchange or the Curb Market. All the arguments in favor of mergers, which have been true for many years, have been revarnished and sent into circulation with such a flourish that they look almost new. The result has been that gains of from twenty to a thousand points within a week in the quotations on bank stocks have been fairly common. The price of First National of New York stock bounded from less than $5,500 to $6,500 in three days and there were other advances almost as startling.

"It is a rare occasion when we are not considering the possibility of a combination with another bank." This answer made by the president of a big metropolitan bank to a reporter's question about a rumored merger is generally true. The officials of any institution would be remiss if they were not always on the look-out for ways of improving their position. It is reasonable to assume, then, that some of the banks whose stocks are so popular will be involved in early combinations although most of the traders' hopes probably will be disappointed. The best bet, not only because of its stock's excessive buoyancy but because of the opinion of leading bankers, is the National City. It is felt that the aggressive president, Charles E. Mitchell, and the directors would like very much to see the National City once again unrivaled in size. There are several possible unions which would achieve this result.

Although the newspaper accounts of the National Bank of Commerce-Guaranty Trust merger all mentioned Mr. Myron C. Taylor's important share in the negotiations, the public as yet seems to have no idea of the prominence which this gentleman is assuming

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in the biggest American business. James S. Alexander, chairman of the Bank of Commerce board, commenting on early reports of the merger, stated that "the officers were conducting no negotiations but some of the stockholders of the two institutions might be doing so." The latter part of his statement proved to be true. Mr. Taylor, a large share-owner in the Guaranty, was probably the prime mover in effecting the combination.

Until he was made chairman of the finance committee of the U. S. Steel Corporation a year and a half ago, Mr. Taylor's name was seldom heard in Wall Street although it appeared on the board of directors of many mighty corporations. In various fields of industry, however, he had been showing an amazing ability which attracted the attention of such famous leaders as George F. Baker, J. P. Morgan and T. W. Lamont. With them he had been co-operating for some time before they expressed their confidence unmistakably by making him chairman of the finance committee of the Steel Corporation. It was whispered then that he might eventually step into the shoes of the late Judge Gary, whose duties as chairman of the board, chairman of the finance committee and chief executive officer had been divided after his death between J. P. Morgan, Mr. Taylor and James A. Farrell, the president.

That any other man can fill the unique position held by the judge is highly doubtful. Mr. Taylor, though, was primarily responsible for the plan for paying off the Corporation's funded debt and it is pretty generally realized that he is at least as influential as anyone else in the Corporation's counsels. The fact that in his fifties he could win such a place and still have time to bring together two of the country's greatest banks shows the sort of man he is.

Speaking of Books

(*Continued from Page 430*)

by a planet in the left arm had a great deal of trouble until he went to Mrs. Mary Green, who cured him immediately. We were interested to know, too, that the Father of Our Country blew himself to a pair of Perkins Patent Tractors, which applied to the skin drew all sorts of disease out of the body.

Maurice Dekobra's The Love Clinic Payson & Clarke

In his castle in the heart of a Bohemian—beg pardon, Czechoslovakian—forest lived Dr. Schomberg with a dozen enchantresses whom he was training to live without emotion. Some one, in the dim,

(*Please Turn to Page 440*)

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Left: Buddy's Hero—A Tahoe Guide.

Right: A Reminder of the "Days of Gold."

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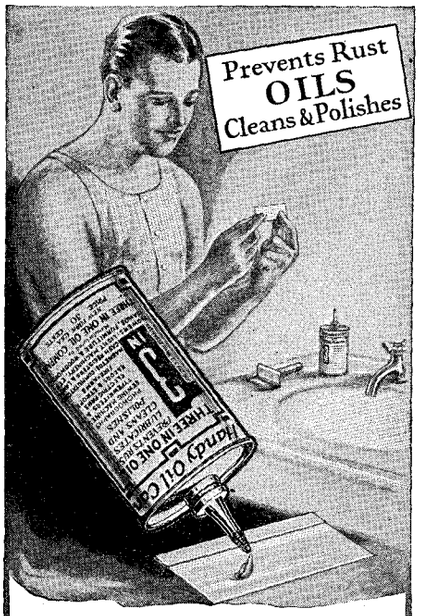

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Does Business Mean Peace?

(Continued from Page 407)

of how to increase prosperity and this means in the long run at least, as the sum total of the process, the development of an international community of interests similar to that which in the centuries preceding found expression in the internal coherence of purely international economics.

The investments of the industrial world today are for the purpose of making the industries in which they are invested prosper, no matter in what country they are situated, for only by continuing prosperity can the returns on the capital be paid. This is vastly different from taking tribute of a conquered province. It is the assuming of partnership in the enterprises themselves, and partnership in business means an interest in the maintenance of favorable conditions for that business. When, therefore, the United States places abroad each year—as it is doing now—investments of private capital which are greater than the whole wealth in its possession when it began its history, it is playing a part in the upbuilding of a community of interest throughout the world which is the greatest of all guarantees of international peace. The financial balance-sheet of international business is, therefore, a sort of international Magna Charta proclaiming the fundamental principle of emancipation from the tyranny of war; for the one danger which this new structure of interdependent interests confronts is the disruption of its peace-time activities through a reversion to international violence.

These phenomena, we must insist again, are too recent for us fully to appreciate their meaning. In international relations we are almost where the nations were back in the Thirteenth Century when national business began to erect its safeguards in terms of courts of law and those conferences which grew into parliaments. Fortunately, we have not only the experience of the past to speed up the process of political adjustment but we have as well a vaster rate of change, incomparably vaster, in the heightened tempo of the industrial era. Almost overnight, new industries arise in the far corners of the world and the increase in wealth is such that the poverty-stricken politics of exclusions and monopolies is bound to give way to efficient management and extended credit. Mass production supplants the one-handed competition of the earlier days and transcends political frontiers in spite of all obstacles.

Seen in its broadest outlines, it is clear that the international world of finance of today has everything to gain from a world stabilization in terms of peace. But while this is sound theory, it will not be realized unless there is a business statesmanship with vision and foresight sufficient to overcome the dangers which confront it, dangers that are both psychological and real. The individual businesses of individual tastes will not all prosper from the growth of world prosperity; not all international credits make for peace by any means. Some of them buttress up industries that are unsound in themselves and others are based upon the old conception of the foreigner paying tribute.

There is, therefore, the same continuing danger of international disorder as formerly there was the continuing danger of civil disorder within the state. Nevertheless, the aims and principles of international policy are already discernible and these have never been better stated than in the two short paragraphs of the Kellogg-Briand Multilateral Treaty. War, as the free prerogative of sovereignty, is gone and in its place must come pacific means of settlement. The elimination of war is a fundamental principle of legitimate international business. The erection of pacific means of settlement is the business way of doing business things.

But the Kellogg-Briand Pact does nothing more than state the general principles upon which sound policy should be erected. If it is sound, then further implementing of it is also called for. What are the "pacific means of settlement" which are to be the alternatives for war? Those that we know of now may be grouped as follows: diplomacy for ordinary affairs, and tribunals or institutions for matters that are more technical or more difficult of settlement. Diplomacy will be increased rather than lessened in an era of international peace because the increasing contacts of growing business make frontiers less real than in the past and create an ever-growing body of overlapping interests between the citizens of one country and those of another. Much of this will be taken over from foreign offices and the State Department into departments of commerce, but even that will not lessen the sum total of routine political business in the hands of diplomacy. The first duty, therefore, of the state is to improve the quality of service in its foreign offices. There is no more pressing need of reform in any branch of government than this. It is the poorest of economy for a nation to economize in the management of its foreign affairs.

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But diplomacy and departments of commerce are not sufficient. There must be as well international courts of justice and of arbitration and international commissions like that which watches over the Canadian frontier. But, above all, there should be consistent schooling in the procedure of international conference, not the haphazard use of conference to be employed in crises or when disputes have reached an almost insoluble *impasse* but conferences based upon a sense of co-operative interests where divergent policies are freely aired without an obligation to accept them but only the obligation to understand, for mutual understanding may suggest to both some entirely new solution. International conference is the most important instrument of international peace. It is the thing that has made the League of Nations a reality. We should learn the technique and apply it to the United States, no matter what our formal relations with the League may be.

Henry L. Stimson: A Portrait

(*Continued from Page 411*)

which he can question a witness. They point to the miraculous fact that he actually seeks to obtain the truth, even when the witness is attempting to assist the other side. He does not believe that justice should be clouded by evasions and the courts mere arenas in which smart attorneys seek to hide the facts. Stimson's passion for honesty extends, of course, to the men who are associated with him. It may be said of the young lawyers in other great firms that they are industrious and clever. These necessary qualities are assumed of the clerks who labor in a Stimson firm. The tribute paid to them is that they are honest or they would not be there.

There are peaks and valleys in the careers of all men, whether their distinctions come in public or private life. It is gratifying to note that now, just sixty, Stimson's life is a succession of peaks. Nor does he look his years. He is not a particularly tall man, but hours in the saddle have enabled him to fight off the fat which so often comes in middle life and makes men look old. His shoulders are square and though his hair is getting a little gray he still has plenty and he still wears the mustache which once was very black and which set off even, very white teeth. His eyes are a grayish blue.

It is, no doubt, the quality in Stimson which insulates him from such hysteria as fear of Bolshevism, fear of labor, fear of almost everything, which tends to keep him from being a frequent leader of causes. Yet he has been a leader and a vigorous one. Long years before the War, by now again on friendly relations with Roosevelt, he sounded the warning that America was not prepared. As Secretary of War under Taft he had seen the defects in the country's military machine and he felt that unless measures were taken only disaster could result. So he went on a barn-storming trip through the Middle West and talked universal training and preparedness.

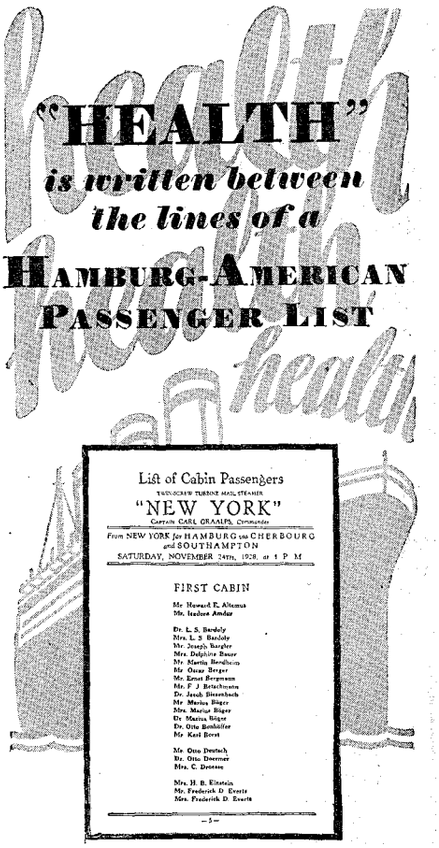
When the war finally came, Stimson went to France as a Lieutenant Colonel of the 305th Field Artillery. And he demonstrated, on an occasion when an ammunition dump took fire, that he had ample personal courage, for he was the first to rush to the scene and direct the work of extinguishing the flames. On that occasion, at least, Stimson did not stop to ponder all of the facts in the case. Had he done so he might have realized that there was little he could do and that he would very probably be blown to eternity. He returned home to fight another cause, the bonus grab being engineered by the American Legion. Money must be appropriated, he said during this fight, for the care of the disabled men. He gave warning that the cost would rise enormously each year.

The Stimson country home is called "High Hold," an old-fashioned house which stands on top of a hill at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. Both the Sound and the Atlantic are visible from the top of that hill and it is there Stimson leads the life he loves, that of an American country squire. The "Stimson Place" is known to every one for miles around, partly because he is now quite well-to-do. But the chief cause is the fact that Stimson and Mrs. Stimson (they have no children) take their responsibilities as leaders in the community quite seriously. For twenty years he has held an annual "Neighbors' Day" at "High Hold" where débutantes in smart riding breeches and boots compete with stable boys in horseback races. Chauffeurs and trades people mingle with the elite of the countryside and they all come up to the house for refreshments.

"It's a lot of trouble," Stimson once said, "but we like to keep it up because it is good for the community."

Here, I think is a clue to Stimson's point of view on many things. It is pertinent to the august office he will hold after March 4. His solution of the Nicaraguan problem—if it really is a lasting solution—was in his opinion "good for" all the factions in that eternally troubled country. Having

(*Please Turn to Page 438*)



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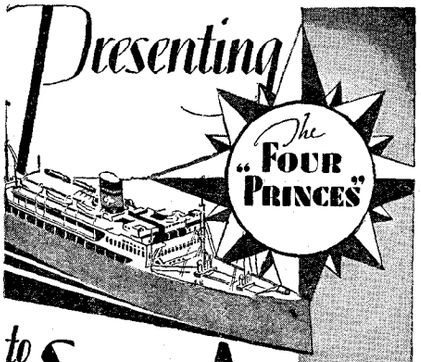

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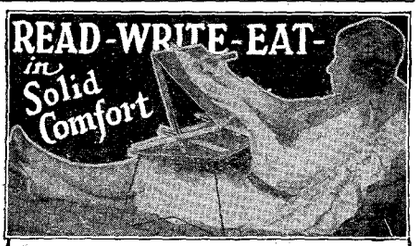

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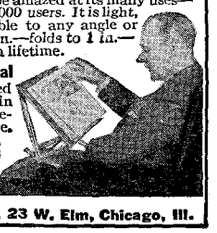

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Henry L. Stimson: A Portrait

(*Continued from Page 437*)

first assembled his facts, Stimson ponders on the welfare of the people affected. In Nicaragua, for instance, he was able to get to the root of the trouble; the fact that no honest election had been held for decades. Revolution was, in consequence, the only possible way in which a faction out of power could obtain control. The United States must guarantee an honest election, said Stimson after President Coolidge had asked him to study the situation. Sandino was an "outlaw" and unimportant. So Brigadier-General Frank McCoy was dispatched to superintend the elections. Every one concedes they were honestly held and the result, the election of General José Maria Moncada, who had led the Liberal Army, has been fairly satisfactory to all concerned. For the moment, at least, there is no excuse for another revolution and obviously this is beneficial to all the people. I may do Stimson an injustice, but I seriously doubt that he was greatly concerned with the ethical principles, assuming there were such, at stake when he arrived in Nicaragua.

He has pursued a similar policy in the Philippine Islands. There, he announced that he would carry on the work of the late Leonard Wood and made it very clear that he was opposed to any grant of independence. The Filipinos, he said, were a Christian people "surrounded by nations of an entirely different race, religion and civilization." They are not yet ready for self-government—it would not be good for them.

Inevitably, Stimson has been criticized as an imperialist. It is said that Sandino, whom he branded an outlaw, is the George Washington of Nicaragua and that there is no hope of freedom for the individual Nicaraguan as long as either of the two existing parties, the Conservative and Liberal, is in power. This, I think, is beside the point. There is, as far as I know, not the slightest evidence of imperialism in anything Stimson has said or done. He is, rather, a paternalist. He wishes people benefited. For weak, unstable nations peace is more important than freedom. It is unfortunate that all small nations do not agree with this conception.

And it is beside the point, too, to argue that Stimson is not, himself, particularly liberal. It is recalled, for instance, that he once opposed woman suffrage, and on the ground that there were no important rights women did not have which men would refuse to give them! He has consistently remained with the Republican Party and refused to go with Roosevelt in the Progressive fight in 1912. Even in the Constitutional Convention in New York State in 1915, when he led in the fight for several important reforms, Stimson voted with his Republican majority on certain occasions.

To look for an outstanding liberal in the new Cabinet would be, of course, to expect that President-elect Hoover would go contrary to the last election. I predict that the new Secretary of State will get along well with his Chief. No man in the world, perhaps, excels Mr. Hoover in the ability to collect facts; while he was Secretary of Commerce this was the envy and despair of his fellow Cabinet members. And facts, it will be remembered, are the raw material with which Stimson works. He will have plenty of them whereby to decide what should be done, what is "good for" the peoples or nations concerned. It is unnecessary to add that there will be no trickery at the State Department while Stimson is in command.

"He's Got Ants!"

(*Continued from Page 412*)

and black, and march in solid ranks, with officers placed at intervals alongside, to keep the others in line and generally direct proceedings. If you prod the head of the line with a stick—it is better not to use the finger for this operation—the group of officers in front immediately goes into a sort of Princeton huddle formation, after which one of their number is sent back to warn the others in line of the impending danger. The column is then neatly and efficiently turned in another direction. If the foe, however, happens to be another tribe or flock of ants, the procedure on both sides is different. The two columns hurl themselves forthwith into action so violent that the resulting amount of carnage would make Gettysburg look like an amusement.

The type of ant who puts in an appearance in the home is fat and grayish white. They are not as regards personality and appearance very attractive, but without doubt they have their points, among which strength of mind and singleness of purpose hold prominent place. They are the boys who should really have been sent with the message to Garcia. Short of iron or steel, nothing stops them. They bore through the walls, the ceiling, the floor; they throw up a hill a foot high over night, and they think nothing of making a meal off a pair of shoes.

(*Please Turn to Page 440*)

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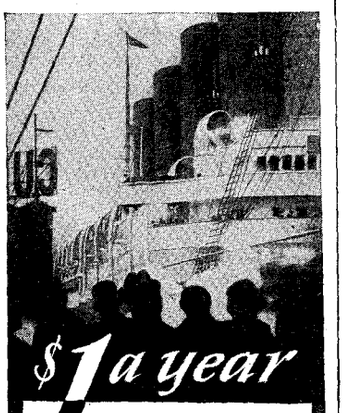

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CLASSIFIED SECTION *(Continued)*

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SOUTHERN young lady desires position as private teacher, companion or social secretary. College and University education; French, Music and Literary work; also teaching experience. References exchanged. Box 95, San Augustine, Texas.

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TO YOUNG women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 435)

dead past, had stolen the doctor's wife, and so he was trying in this way "to revenge himself upon Man by arming Woman so that she shall make him suffer." To the castle comes a young Frenchman in search of a beautiful girl who has disappeared. She is taking the doctor's cure. The young man persuades her to leave with him, and the doctor, after working a few mesmeric stunts, allows her to go. But he has slipped into her mind a few post-hypnotic suggestions which cause the course of true love to lead over some pretty high hurdles before it flattens out.

Sydney Greenbie's Frontiers and the Fur Trade John Day

Trade follows the flag, but the flag follows the trapper; and the trader's first preoccupation is fur. It was the fur trade that pushed our American frontiers inward from the coasts, through forests and over mountains and prairies. Mr. Greenbie tells this story of the opening up of a continent interestingly, and—what is more important—broadly, with a sweep which takes in more than immediately comes under his eye. He shows how our American frontiers were merely the extension of the frontiers of Europe, and how the subduing of our wildernesses was only part of a series of greater and more complicated movements. In this forest background he sees the main source of what is unique in our American culture, and the psychological and philosophical implications which he draws from this theory seem to us both true and interesting.

Irvin S. Cobb's This Man's World Cosmopolitan

A baker's dozen of tales by a very competent manufacturer of magazine stories. Here are barbers and cops and retired business men and gangsters and Blackfoot Indians and two girls who tread, one the primrose path, the other the straight and narrow way, but both end up in the same unhappy *impasse*. Mr. Cobb has written a good many short stories, a few of which have been very good indeed. These are about average.

G. D. H. and M. Cole's Superintendent Wilson's Holiday Payson & Clarke

For some reason no detective we can think of since Sherlock Holmes has been either interesting or convincing in a short story. The best detective stories are long ones. Yet here are eight short detective stories featuring our old friend Superintendent Wilson, which are considerably better than the average. Not as good, of course, as the longer stories by these authors. But very good, just the same.

Charles Walt's Love in Chicago Harcourt, Brace

Here is the portrait of a thug, a raw, harsh, vivid picture of a product of our modern civilization who is less civilized than a head-hunter. He is at home in the stone wilderness of city streets as a tiger is at home in the jungle. There is but one human thing about him, and that is neither his love nor his ambition: it is the muddled perception that every one despises and fears him, the confused desire to prove to himself and them that he too is, as he puts it, "people."

The story is in the form of a diary, relating how, an unemployed murderer, he came to Chicago, found a profitable racket, rose to power in the underworld and got the girl he wanted by killing her father and framing her lover. His fall was even more swift, crude and terrible than his rise. We like to feel that it was inevitable. This is a story that you will not easily forget.

George Witten's Outlaw Trails Minton, Balch

At ten, the author of this book ran away from home. At seventeen, at the close of the Boer War, he was discharged from the Imperial Light Horse with the rank of scout. This is the story of those seven years of adventuring, and it's a more exciting tale than ninety per cent of the thrillers we've read in the past year. But we'd like to know what happened afterward. Did he really settle down at seventeen to a humdrum conventional life? We doubt it. Perhaps some day Major Witten will tell us the rest of the story.

"He's Got Ants!"

(Continued from Page 438)

Then there are the flying ants. These arrive periodically in the evening in a thick, gray swarm, to flit and flutter like so many chorus girls about the bright lights. The light seems to have a fatal effect upon their wings, for they drop off on the ground before a great deal o flitting has been done. Not that the ants are particularly disconcerted by the loss; they simply take to their feet and walk away in quite a philosophical manner, leaving the wings in a pile under each electric globe, as silent witnesses to the sad results of a misspent life.

A cloud of these insects descended upon us one evening at a picnic we were holding on the bank of the river. Seated around a bonfire, we were engaged in making the night more or less musical by means of a little close harmony: that is, we were until the ants arrived. After swallowing a certain number of them as they whirled ecstatically and indiscriminately about our faces and the fire, we decided to call off the concert for the time being, and retired to remove additional numbers of them from our exteriors, where they had lodged with every apparent intention of taking up homestead rights and pegging claims.

All things considered, it is not surprising that there should be in this country a simple and universal explanation for anything that goes wrong. If the roof springs a leak, or the cook falls down on the soup, or your girl two-times you, there is only one comment necessary on your part, only one remark you need ever make, and you have at once every one's complete understanding and sympathy. He, she or it, as the case may be, has ants.

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